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After Viet Nam, What?
Let's Give Christmas Back to the Pagans
Thinking Jewish About Zionism

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Singing Christmas Tree, First United Methodist Church, Irving, Texas

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The co-chairmen of the Library Campaign Committee present this advertisement on behalf of the University.

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The National Methodist University

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In Irving, Texas, last year, many hundreds of persons saw and heard a novel, if not unique, Christmas presentation on a parking lot at First United Methodist Church. Again this December the church's singing Christmas tree, along with a living manger scene, will include some 50 persons. The "tree" is on a 20-foot high structure with six levels for the singers. It is trimmed with evergreens and colored lights, has a live tree and a star at the top. Two 30-minute singing programs were presented each evening for five nights preceding Christmas, according to the pastor, the Rev. Earl Harvey. Responsible for construction and lighting were Fred Schwarten, B. L. Beaver, and Dr. James Martin. Picture is by Bob Smith of Dallas.

TOGETHER

DECEMBER 1972

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Together

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

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A revision of the Bishops Bible (left) dating back to 1595 stands beside an edition of the King James Version with paraphrasing and commentary by a Dissenter minister, John Brown. Printed in 1813, the John Brown Bible was popular in the British Empire in its day.



Professor Keen's Bibles

By HELEN JOHNSON



LARGE WINDOW lets the sunshine into the modest-sized room. A table and several chairs stand near it. In the center of the room there is a glass-enclosed display case. Temperature and humidity are precisely controlled because the case and glass-doored cabinets lining the walls hold one of the most extraordinary collections of Bibles in English ever put together by a private individual in this country.

The collection, which specializes in New Testament English texts, belongs now to the Evangelical Theological Seminary, Naperville, Ill., and is housed on the second floor of the library that serves the seminary and adjacent North Central College, both United Methodist-related schools.

The collector was Paul Edwin Keen, for 30 years professor of New Testament and exegesis at the seminary. The collection was his personal hobby and, until he gave it to the seminary shortly before his death in 1958, he kept it in his own home. Never, though, did he keep it away from the world. Unfailingly hospitable and friendly, Professor Keen was always ready to share his collection—and his collector's enthusiasm—with visitors, and he accepted many invitations to take selected items to leadership-training schools, church meetings, and other events. Even one Rotary Club meeting is on the list of appearances that he itemized meticulously.

The son of an Evangelical United Brethren minister, his interest in differences he noticed in various translations of the Bible began early, flowered when he was a seminary student at Princeton. Studying Greek gave him insight into how so many translators could come up with so many different meanings.

While he was in seminary he spent his summers as a missionary in Canada. Out of seminary, he served two pastorates at Wrightsville and at State College, Pennsylvania. Then he did graduate study at Pennsylvania State University and joined the faculty at Albright College, in Reading, Pa. Albright is one of the oldest and most prestigious of the colleges coming out of the Evangelical Association of North America. Professor Keen came to Evangelical Theological Seminary in 1927 and taught there until his retirement in 1957.

When he started buying copies of the better-known versions of the Bible, he had no idea that he would become a collector, but by the time he was the owner of 12 translations, he realized that the collector's bug had bitten him. He made a "want list" and sent it to book dealers in this country and Europe.

The venture was successful, and he began issuing revised lists every six months.

The Paul Edwin Keen Bible Collection grew rapidly, and even though he seldom paid more than \$100 for an item, it contains some rare and valuable Bibles and documents. When he turned it over to the seminary, it had more than 500 items. There are now more than 800 pieces in the collection, and it is valued at more than \$50,000.

The oldest English Bible in the collection is a first edition of the Matthew Bible, printed in 1537. While it bears the pen name "Thomas Mathewe," it was edited by an Englishman named John Rogers. Dedicated to King Henry VIII, it was the first "legal" printing of the Bible in England. But in 1555, two years after Mary Tudor ascended the English throne, John Rogers became the first victim of her drive against "heretics." He was burned at the stake.

Other early Bibles in the Keen Collection are the Taverner Bible, 1539; the Great Bible in several revisions, the earliest of which is a 1540 printing; a first edition of the Geneva Bible dated 1560; a first edition of the Bishops Bible, 1568; and several editions of the King James Bible, including a first imprint of the first edition, printed in 1611. This first imprint is very rare, and the most valuable single item in the collection.

The collection also has more recent printings of still earlier translations. These include the Wycliffe Bible translated in 1384; the Tyndale New Testament, translated in 1525; and the Coverdale Bible, translated in 1535.

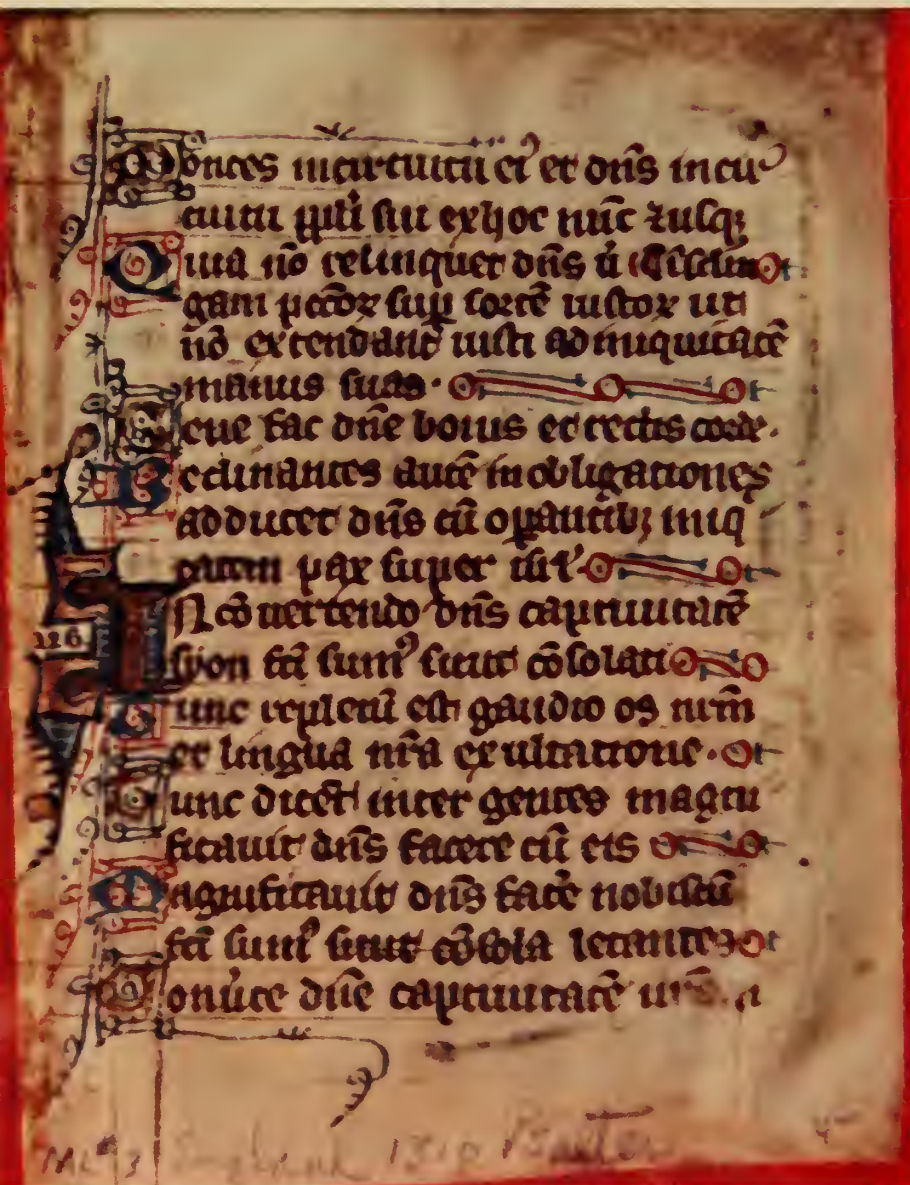
A dark history of violence clings to many of the early Bibles. Oxford theologian John Wycliffe, who did not actually translate the Wycliffe Bible but was the moving spirit in its translation, the first one in English, managed to die peacefully in Lutterworth, England, after a lifetime of skirting excommunication. But 44 years after his death his bones were dug out of consecrated ground and burned in a delayed acquiescence to an edict pronounced by the Council of Constance.

Both the Wycliffe Bible and the Purvey Bible, the work of John Wycliffe's friend and colleague John Purvey in 1388, came before the days of printing and had to be copied laboriously by hand. These manuscript copies were banned by the church, but the ban had little effect. When people discovered that at last they could read the Scriptures in English, their desire to read overcame their fear of punishment.

Punishment did come to the translator of the first English New Testament to see print. William Tyndale, who failed to receive permission to translate in his native England, exiled himself to Germany where he completed translation of the New Testament. Its printing was started in Cologne but was stopped by an archenemy of Martin Luther. Tyndale did not live to finish translating the Old



The Rev. Leo M. Constantino (above, right) shows the collection display case to two students from North Central College. Below left: Reproduction of a page from a Psalter that was copied by hand in 1310. Below, right: Bibles come in all sizes. These are recent editions from The World Publishing Company and Oxford University Press.



Testament. He was sentenced as a heretic and confined in a dungeon in Belgium. In 1536 he was strangled, after which his body was burned at the stake.

Still, William Tyndale's work lives on. It is estimated that 90 percent of the words in the King James Version of the New Testament derive from Tyndale's translation, and 80 percent of the words in the New Testament of the Revised Version of 1881 are just as they appear in the Tyndale translation.

Before William Tyndale was martyred, Henry VIII had given a kind of backhanded permission for translation of the Scriptures as long as they were done by "great lerned and catholyke persons." Revision and translation were interrupted by the reign of Mary Tudor, but after Mary's death they culminated in 1611 with the Authorized Version of King James. This is the version that is loved yet today, both by Christians who learned their first Bible

verses out of it and by people who simply respond to its magnificent poetry and thunderous phrases.

Among the editions of the King James Version in the Keen Bible Collection is one in its original leather binding, with metal bosses and weighing 16 pounds. Another, printed in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1901, is only 1¾ by 1¼ inches and weighs less than an ounce.

Printers being human like the rest of us, errors have crept into the printing of Bibles about as frequently as they have into secular literature. Some Bibles may even become valuable because of the errors, particularly if they result in irreverent or absurd statements.

A 1560 printing of the Geneva Bible refers to Adam and Eve making themselves "breeches" out of fig leaves instead of aprons, as Genesis 3:7 is commonly translated. This printing is known as the Breeches Bible.

The first issue of the first edition of the King James Version gives us Ruth 3:15 saying, "and he went into the city." This issue is known as the Great "He" Bible. The second issue reads, "and she went into the city," and this is the Great "She" Bible. Scholars now say "he" is correct—it was Boaz not Ruth who went into the city.

In the Bugges Bible, 1551, a phrase in Psalms 91:5 says "afraid of bugges by night," instead of the familiar "terror of the night" we know today.

All these and other curious Bibles are part of the Keen Collection. There are also numerous miscellaneous items, including vellum leaves from Latin Bibles and a vellum scroll of the Book of Esther in unpointed Hebrew text. There are no verbs or consonants in unpointed text.

Bible authority Don Cleveland Norman, who appraises the collection regularly, says that Professor Keen's inclusion of important scholarly works makes the collection particularly helpful for scholars doing biblical research.

Scholars do come to the collection to do research, says the Rev. Leo M. Constantino, theological librarian and curator of the collection. And in its role as a museum, the room housing the Keen Bible Collection has a constant stream of visitors, alone and in groups, who want to see its great Bibles.

Professor Keen would be pleased to know that his collection is serving so many people and that it continues to grow. The seminary is adding new English versions and revisions as they are published, and it hopes to obtain older versions which the collection does not yet contain.

But Bibles were not Professor Keen's only hobby. Another even more consuming one was his boys. He never married, but he virtually adopted four students. Calling them "the Keen boys," he fathered them, helped them get an education, had the delight of seeing them established in their careers, and wrote them weekly letters for the rest of his life.

He was a devoted member of Grace Church in Naperville. For ten years he led the Lenten midweek services there, and a former pastor, the Rev. Wilmet H. Wolf, remembers him as a man who was unusually sensitive to the opportunities for creative friendship.

One of his boys, the Rev. Dwight S. Busacca, United Methodist minister serving as field representative for the Advance in the North Central Jurisdiction, remembers him this way: "His life was a life whose motivating force was love."



Professor Keen was finding a passage in St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians when this picture was made. His beloved collection was housed in his own study at home then.

Let's Give Christmas Back to the Pagans

By PETER J. RIGA

Advance copies of *Let's Give Christmas Back to the Pagans* were mailed to a sampling of *Together* subscribers. Their answers to a questionnaire and some individual comments about the article appear on pages 7 and 8. Peter J. Riga is a Roman Catholic priest at Saint Mary's College in California. His text is reprinted from the December, 1971, issue of *U.S. Catholic and Jubilee*, copyright © 1971 by Claretian Publications, and is used by permission.

—Your Editors

WE ARE ENTERING again the annual season of depression and neurosis: the season of Christmas, whose meaning has been perverted so grossly that it now causes manifest damage to many human beings. And so I say the time has come for Christians to call a halt to this grotesque counterfeit and give the whole mess back to the pagans from whom the feast originally came.

It is well known that the feast of Christmas, on December 25, does not go back to early Christian times. It dates back no further than the early fourth century A.D.

The day chosen for the feast was the date of the pagan celebration of the *Sol invictus*, or unconquered sun, when the days no longer got shorter but began to lengthen again, because the sun god had overcome the long nights of the god of evil.

The early Christians gave scanty attention to the feast of Christmas as we know it today. For them the religious importance of Christ's birth was that God had intervened in human history to reveal himself visibly in his only begotten Son. Christmas marked only the beginning of the whole redemptive mystery of the life, death, and Resurrection of the Son of God. His physical birth was the prologue to the total mystery. So the early Christians celebrated it as a very minor feast, if at all.

When Christians finally decided to celebrate the feast of Christmas, they simply Christianized the pagan feast of the "unconquered sun," and applied everything to Christ, the true light. There is absolutely nothing sacred about the feast (in itself) or its date. We do not know when Christ was born, only that he was born. As a feast it pointed beyond the birth of Christ to the total

gift of God's love for men in the life, death, and Resurrection of Christ.

Slowly Christians began to emphasize the birth of Christ as the beginning of that gift of God's love for men in the Incarnate Son of God. In token of that divine love, which also united Christians with one another, they began to give each other little gifts, signs of that love. The gifts were symbols of the constant love in their lives, signs of their will to abide in this love, as a community, throughout the year.

It seems but too evident to me that the modern commercial pagans have destroyed not only the religious basis of this feast but also the human warmth and merri-ness that grew up around it. As Christians we should have the courage to leave this lifeless carcass to the vultures of commercialism, and to choose another date on which we can celebrate the true meaning of Christmas.

Let us examine the case of getting rid of Christmas as we know it today. The arguments are familiar but will bear repeating. Everyone knows that the "spirit of goodwill," the "closeness," and the "forgiveness" enter people's lives only for a brief season; they initiate no lasting change of heart. This fact makes Christmas a time of depression for many people.

"You should be happy! It's Christmas! Goodwill to men!" But they know how short a time all this will last, and they are lonely and they are sad. And so the feast of Christmas leads to a great increase in suicides. As one psychologist has said, Americans feel obliged to reaffirm the ideals of kindness, generosity, and love at Christmas in order to atone for their neglect of these same ideals in their day-to-day lives. To see and to feel people return to their ordinary greed and unconcern can be devastating to lonely and sensitive persons.

Other countries do not make Christmas the great blowout that Americans have created. We have overdone and overcommercialized the feast because of our terrible insecurity in the midst of plenty, knowing that we cannot give security, as hard as we do try. It is ironic to recall that the whole religious message of Christmas lies in a poverty of spirit, a spiritual awakening through God's love which becomes incarnate among men to make them true brothers. This is exactly what Christmas today is not all about.

Commercial establishments have capitalized on this spiritual sense in their hope for great financial gain. They appeal to the real spiritual insecurity of people but



offer them the great commercial, glittering lie to satisfy it. Among those who suffer the worst effects of this are the many, many unhappy, broken, unjoyous families, sensing the contrast between themselves and the apparently happy and joyous families. The Center for Studies of Suicide Prevention has noted that most of December's suicides are centered around Christmas.

Our arguments thus far have dealt with the human need for getting rid of this threat to mental and emotional well-being. Another basis of argument is the proper religious message of the feast, which has long since died an ignominious death—not so much because of the secular Christmas card (that curse of the postal service) as because of peoples' actions at this season, which spell a complete denial of its religious meaning.

We are celebrating the birth of a poor Man—a birth in a manger, in a drafty cave, of a Child whose first visitors were shepherders. Yet we mark the event by spending enormous sums on gluttonous celebrations, with a materialism which would make the Roman pagans look austere by comparison. It is a season of heightened self-indulgence when I give to you and you had better give to me, and most of the gifts are destined for one's own family. Where is the spirit of concern, of sharing?

We share with our own, of course. As for sharing with others whom we do not see or know—"What are you? Some kind of religious nut?" We might paternalistically prepare a meal for a "needy family," but what about the rest of the needy the rest of the year? The rest of the year we either spend, not thinking of the poor, or condemn the poor for their laziness and shiftlessness.

The followers of the poor Man of Bethlehem? We are more the followers of the soldiers of Herod, honoring Christ on Christmas morn and slaughtering the innocents the rest of the year. What else does it mean when we spend 35 billion dollars on Christmas "gifts" while others starve at home and abroad?

Christmas has also become the season which is phony *par excellence*. We have mentioned the phony gift giving, the family closeness, and the commercialization preying on the insecurities of people, all of which have the ironic result of increasing insecurity because they involve no life commitment but only, as the phrase is, "a one-shot deal." The feast of Christmas is or ought to be a symbol of our commitment to love for one another, to concern for our human community all year long. Instead it has become a seasonal orgy to escape the realization that our lives are not like that at all. After the holidays we know that we will all revert to the unconcerned people and the uncemented community that we really are.

So I ask Christians and other religious people if it is not time to leave this fakery behind, to come out of the land of Babylon which the hucksters of wares and materialism have taken over? What we can do is leave the twenty-fifth of December to the pagans, worthy successors of their Roman ancestors who celebrated the feast of the "unconquered sun." We can—as the early Christians once did—transfer our religious feast day to the Epiphany (January 6) as do the Orthodox. Thus we would celebrate the feast of Christ's revelation to us—the pagans of old become followers of the poor Child of Bethlehem.

For the day of Christ's birth is really not important at all. What is important is that we celebrate Christ's spirit of selfless and unstinting love of our brothers. Nor is the name we bear of utmost importance either, be it Christian, Jew, or Buddhist. If we have received this spirit of love and concern for our brothers, then we participate in the Incarnation of God's love among men. For man is the sacrament or sign of God's love on earth.

To the man who has begun to realize this message, no matter what his name, peace. To the others, their confusion and neurosis. □

Readers' Response

1. Do you see anything wrong with the way Christmas is celebrated in this country?
88% yes 10% no 2% no response
2. Should Christians "choose another date on which we can celebrate the true meaning of Christmas"?
12% yes 86% no 2% no response
3. Should Christians spend as much time and money on

needy and "forgotten" people as on their own families at Christmas?

71% yes 21% no 8% no response

4. Is teaching a child to believe in Santa Claus harmful to his appreciation of the true meaning of Christmas?

21% yes 74% no 5% no response

5. What do you dislike most about how Americans celebrate Christmas?

Commercialism. I detest the buy-early advertising. I hate to see all the Christmas decorations out at Halloween time.
—Mrs. Lawrence Piehl, Kenosha, Wis.

Overspending by parents, resulting in greed and lack of appreciation by children.

—G. T. Ross, Wilmington, Mass.

It's a one-day event, too soon forgotten. Let's sing Christmas carols the year around to get people in the loving and living spirit instead of the giving and receiving spirit.
—Mrs. Earl L. Schulthess, Auburn, Ind.

People should shop less and do away with Christmas cards.
—Marjorie Lamb, Quincy, Ill.

Too much spent on liquor and useless things.

—M. E. Thompson, Kansas City, Kans.

Buy, buy, buy until it becomes a chore. Make things instead, giving of your time and talents with love woven in.

—Doris Herrick, Plymouth, Mich.

I dislike the growing trend to discontinue Christmas Eve and morning services so "families can be together."

—Edna Sander, Derby, Kans.

6. What past Christmases were particularly meaningful?

The Christmas our farm family was snowbound was particularly meaningful. We could not go to aunt's for dinner. So Mother and Dad played all the new games with us all day. Dad told his marvelous original stories. Dinner was oyster soup and fruit cake. It was superb!

—Ernestine Nollsch, Springfield, Ill.

Maybe last year's was best. We saw our first grandchild (21 months) open his presents. The Sunday the church Christmas tree was decorated—people came in off the street for days to see it. We had an old-fashioned "White Christmas Service," a long tradition here, and \$930 was brought to the altar. Christmas is beautiful!

—C. H. Hunt, Franklin, Tenn.

I am a nurse in a nursing home. For several years we have all worked together to have a big party for people there who don't have families. We see that each one gets a gift and we sing carols and have a worship service. This means more to me than anything I can get for myself.

—Mrs. Ben Kantack, Mapleton, Minn.

I remember 1936. My wife and I were married the previous June. I was a senior in college and we were poor

in material things. The house was heated with an old "base burner." We had a path to a little building in the back yard! We felt rich, however, in the intangible values and ideals which gave meaning to our first Christmas together. An unforgettable 30 minutes was spent one evening with a college friend. We sat before a small Nativity scene in our living room, lighted only by flickering candles and the fire in the base burner.

—The Rev. Edmund R. Warne, New York, N.Y.

The many, many times I have dramatized the Christmas story with children and have seen the season become so real to them. This made Christmas particularly meaningful to me.

—Frances Smith, Jacksonville, Fla.

My childhood Christmases were the best—and I believed in Santa.

—R. H. Amberger, Wytheville, Va.

Other Comments

We don't have to give December 25 to the merchants and manufacturers of shoddy, glamorous goods. Let's really celebrate that day as we believe Christ wants us to. The rest of the world, seeing the satisfaction we get, will get on the bandwagon.

—Ralph A. Hoobler, Manville, Ill.

If we had no Christmas to celebrate the birth of Christ, then why have Easter in which we celebrate his Resurrection?

—Mary Louise Parks, Talladega, Ala.

Rather than change the date of Christmas we should transform the day by renewing its deepest meaning.

—J. E. Dunlap, Little Rock, Ark.

The author overstates his case and misses the impact of Christmas art, music, worship, and heritage.

—Robert Poppendieck, Alexandria, Va.

I think Santa Claus is for the young children, and I don't want to take that joy from them. But they should also be taught about Jesus and his birthday, and when they are a little older they will understand the true meaning of Christmas.

—Faye Gaskins, Hampton, Ga.

Christians seem to forget that Christ was sent into the world. He ate with publicans and sinners, attended community festivals, and was a part of the world in which he lived. The Christian today is also sent into the world. Having taken a pagan festival to celebrate Christ's coming, he can better fulfill Christ's mission by using that festival to show others the true spirit of Christ. If the church drew apart for the separate celebration, we would be saying the world is not invited to the feast.

—Mrs. John C. Gramstorff, Farnsworth, Texas

I enjoy the secular part of Christmas—hearing from old friends who write only once a year, getting together with relatives and friends, special decorations, and special food. "The modern commercial pagans" have not destroyed the "human warmth and merriness" of our Christmas.

—Alice Hampton, Shelleyville, Ill.

From Calcutta ...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

To NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WX WITH
DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS
OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH
AND STRENGTH XX ARE RESTORED.

PARENTS: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF
XXX SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH
FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER
MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDIVID IT IS REMARKABLE SHE
IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH
FACTORY WHERE SHE EARN TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH
TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL
OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER.
HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE
FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN
THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS
HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER
FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP
THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF
SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM XX PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER
MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS
WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE XX DAUGHTER BECOMING
SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED
AT ONCE.



Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

For only \$12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the project where your child receives help. Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

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(Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a

month. I enclose first payment of \$_____.

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information

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NEWS

NEW TOP-LEVEL BODY,
GENERAL COUNCIL
ON MINISTRIES,
ORGANIZES



Farthest from home when the General Council on Ministries held its organizational meeting recently in Chicago were, left, the Rev. Hermann Sticher, a district superintendent from Germany, and Dr. Joseph N. Togba, a physician from Liberia. The and some 120 other United Methodists make up the GCOM. Created by the 1972 General Conference as part of a top-level restructure, GCOM has primary responsibility to eliminate overlapping and duplicating programs, to review general church

activities in relation to local congregations, and to engage in research and planning for the denomination. GCOM elected a layman, Dr. John T. King of Austin, Texas, as its first president. He is president of predominantly black Huston-Tillotson College. Vice-president is the Rev. R. Jervis Cooke of Dover, Del.; recording secretary is Mrs. W. T. Roberts of Nashville, Tenn. The Rev. Paul V. Church of Dayton, Ohio, was elected general secretary.

CHIEF EXECUTIVES
ARE ELECTED
FOR THREE BOARDS

In addition to holding its own organizational meeting (story above) the General Council on Ministries elected general secretaries of three United Methodist program boards which had already elected their own officers and associate general secretaries. The Discipline gives GCOM power of election of the chief administrative officers.

Elected general secretaries were: Board of Global Ministries, the Rev. Tracey K. Jones, Jr.; Board of Church and Society, the Rev. A. Dudley Ward; Board of Higher Education and Ministry, the Rev. Myron F. Wicke. Dr. Wicke's election is on an interim basis until that board nominates a permanent general secretary. Yet to be nominated is a Board of Discipleship general secretary.

Board presidents are: Church and Society, Bishop James Armstrong of the Dakotas Area; Higher Education and Ministry, Bishop Ernest T. Dixon, Jr., of the Kansas Area; Discipleship, Bishop W. Kenneth Goodson of the Richmond (Va.) Area. As reported last month, president of Global Ministries is Bishop Paul A. Washburn of the Chicago Area.

SCHOOL LEADERS SEEK
PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

The President of the United States will be asked to address a Washington, D.C., luncheon for representatives of more than 100 United Methodist-related colleges in early 1973--part of a five-year program to strengthen the schools financially and provide a human value-oriented education. Discussing the program's first year just ended, college officials agreed to turn attention to annual conferences, local church pastors, and students, and previewed TV and radio spot announcements. First year activities included advertising in Time, The New York Times, and Together, publication of literature, and a capital funds workshop.

WITH THESE CHURCHES
BUSSING IS NO ISSUE;
IT'S A SERVICE

Rent a bus on Sunday morning? That's what Joyce United Methodist Church and three other downtown Minneapolis, Minn., churches are doing. Renting a bus from the Metropolitan Transit Commission, the Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Congregational, and United Methodist churches split the \$30 fee each Sunday. This ecumenical cooperative bus service began June 11 with 9 riders and soon grew to 40--many of them elderly and handicapped who are assured a ride to church and fellowship on the bus. Such services are not unusual in Minneapolis. A similar multichurch bus service in operation for seven years involves five churches including Emmanuel United Methodist Church. Another United Methodist congregation, Hennepin Avenue, participates in a different type of ecumenical transportation program--a taxi service for elderly riders from Minneapolis housing projects.

'MASSIVE REVIVAL'
IN SUNDAY SCHOOL
BUT WHERE ARE
UNITED METHODISTS?

There's "a massive revival of interest in Sunday school," says Christian Life, a nondenominational monthly magazine which recently published its fifth annual survey of the 100 largest Sunday schools in the U.S. "Five years ago only 12 of the churches averaged over 2,000 in weekly attendance," it continued, "but now over a third do." The largest Sunday school (First Baptist in Hammond, Ind.) with an average weekly attendance of 5,917, added 843 to its enrollment last year, used 76 buses to transport 2,200 people to classes each week, and recorded 8,023 professions of faith in a year. The Southern Baptist Convention has the largest number (30) in the top 100 Sunday schools followed by the Baptist Bible Fellowship with 21. In a listing of the top ten, United Methodists were notably missing.

CHURCH MEMBERS
TELL RESEARCHERS
WHAT THEY THINK

Pastors will soon know what United Methodists and members of 14 other denominations think about churches and financial support of them when they read Punctured Preconceptions. The Friendship Press paperback reports data from a massive nationwide research project developed by the National Council of Churches. More than one third of all U.S. field interviews were with United Methodist pastors and members, and all pastors, superintendents, and bishops received copies. In addition the Program Council analyzed United Methodist data in four bulletins covering attitudes toward the denomination, giving to the local church, underwriting budgets, and local-church programs.

'MORE' NOW 'LESS'
AS INFLATION CUTS
INTO CHURCH GIVING

Americans are giving more--and less--money to religion. In 1971 religious giving by individuals, foundations, and other sources rose \$300 million over 1970 to a total of \$8.6 billion. But of the \$21.15 billion given to philanthropy in 1971, religion received only 40.7%, a 2% drop. These statistics appear in Giving USA, an annual compilation of philanthropical facts published by the American Association of Fund Raising Counsel, Inc., based on funds given to Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox, and Protestant churches, and Jewish congregations. Inflation, competition for the dollar, and declining church attendance are affecting religious contributions, says editor Harlan F. Lang.

When she is older, Paula Pfeifer, 5, hopes to sing in the choir at New Haven United Methodist Church, Tulsa, Okla. For 1973, though, she is the March of Dimes national poster child. The Rev. Howard L. Plowman baptized Paula when they both lived in Bartlesville, Okla., where Paula was born with open spine, club feet, and paralysis from the ankles down. Nine operations later she walks with partial braces. She represents some quarter million infants born with birth defects each year in this country.



TWO 'CENTERS' OF UNITED METHODISM LOCATED IN KENTUCKY

ANY THOUGHTS ON CHURCH LEADERS? PANEL WELCOMES THEM

EAST INDIANS EXPECTED TO JOIN UNITED CHURCH

'ENGAGED' YOUTH SAY 'Y.E.S.' ► TO SERVICE

UNITED METHODISTS IN THE NEWS

The center of population in the nation may be St. Clair County, Illinois, but for United Methodism it's two miles northwest of Bedford, Ky., according to a denominational researcher, the Rev. Alan K. Waltz. Besides hosting the geographic center of membership, Kentucky has the center of the denomination's church-school enrollment some five miles south of Warsaw.

A study of United Methodism's episcopacy and superintendency now has a chairman, the Rev. Merlyn W. Northfelt, president of Garrett Theological Seminary, Evanston, Ill. 60201. Scheduled to report its findings to the 1976 General Conference, the 32-member commission will examine the theological and historical role of the episcopacy before delving into more functional and pragmatic issues such as tenure, methods of selection, and assignment. Any thoughts on the subject? The commission welcomes all contributions.

United Methodists in India are expected to merge with the Church of North India by mid-1973, says CNI Bishop S. K. Patro. Formed in 1970, the 700,000-member United church represents a merger of Anglicans, Baptists, Disciples, Brethren, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists. The 600,000-member Methodist Church of Southern Asia had voted to unite but withdrew its decision on a second vote. The United Methodist Judicial Council has ruled the second vote invalid.



For at least three persons--one young lady and two little girls--there was a real cultural breakthrough recently during the Y.E.S. (Youth Engaged in Service) program sponsored by the United Methodist Virginia Conference. Marcia Inge of Richmond spent about a month in a low-income apartment complex project sponsored by the Arlington District. Each year some 20 youth are brought together by the conference for a week's training then are sent to projects sponsored by the districts.

Honored for his work for the advancement of New York City, Robert S. Curtiss received the annual gold medal award of the Hundred Year Association of New York, Inc. A member of Asbury Church in Crestwood, N.Y., and president of the trustee board of United Methodist-related Centenary College for Women, Mr. Curtiss was director of real estate of the Port of New York Authority from 1947 to 1962....Dr. Andrew Neilson Cothran, former president of Tusculum College, is new president of Kendall College in Evanston, Ill....First woman to receive DePaul University's Old Gold Goblet for civic responsibility and service to community and alma mater is Mrs. Ardath Burkhardt, of Indianapolis, Ind....Dr. Percy J. Trevethan, director of the rehabilitation services training program at DePaul University, Chicago, Ill., received the Society of Fellows St. Vincent DePaul award honoring those "serving God through the needs of man"....A student apartment house on Wesley Theological Seminary campus will be named in honor of Bishop Edward G. Carroll of the Boston Area....Serving on a committee of religious consultants to assist in solving drug problems under the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse is Dr. Thomas E. Price, head of the Board of Church and Society's alcohol and drug department....Chester A. Smith, whose booming "Mr. Chairman" resounded across 13 Methodist General Conferences, died recently at age 87.

Good News Convocation

Dissatisfied evangelicals talk about supporting their own overseas missionaries.

MUCH OF United Methodism's overseas mission effort is no longer acceptable to evangelicals.

This was the message heard most loudly and consistently at the 1972 Convocation of United Methodists for Evangelical Christianity.

The St. Louis meeting, not an official denominational gathering, was the third national convocation sponsored by Good News, a "forum for scriptural Christianity within The United Methodist Church."

The alarm over missions was sounded most clearly in a major address by Dr. John T. Seamands, who has spent most of his life as a Methodist missionary in India. He blasted the United Methodist missions board's retrenchment of missionary personnel—from approximately 1,450 in overseas service three years ago to about 950 in 1972. The cutback comes at a time, he said, when more missionaries than ever are needed.

He also sharply criticized the church's new missions theology. "We strongly object to making involvement in social issues either the sole or the primary task of missions," Dr. Seamands told the 1,241 lay persons and clergy at the convocation. "It may be that the time has come for the evangelical movement of the church to provide the ways and means for them [evangelical missionaries] to serve abroad," he suggested while repeatedly emphasizing that he had no personal ax to grind with the missions board.

Dr. Charles W. Keysor, editor of *Good News*, the movement's quarterly magazine, also advocated bypassing denominational channels in missions work. "We will not fight the Board of Missions," Dr. Keysor told the assembly. "We are learning that the most practical thing is just to ignore them and do what God wishes us to do." (The summer 1972 issue of his magazine, distributed at the convocation, reported that *Good News* is compiling a list of missionaries "whose gospel stand justifies financial support of evangelical people and churches" and will make it available for 35¢. Readers were urged to send in names and addresses of evangelical missionaries known to them.)

The desire for unity within the denomination was a constant theme of the convocation, perhaps expressed best by Bishop Kenneth W. Copeland. "It is popular, relevant, and contemporary to talk about power structures within the church, and organizing to fight the established structures, to fight fire with fire, but the end result is that all of us get severely burned in the process and the kingdom of God grinds down to a slow walk," he warned. "All of us need to learn what it means to work together in the spirit of Christ, and we'd better learn to do it pretty soon."

Evangelism was another emphasis of the meeting. Dr. T. A. Raedeke of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod and chairman of Key 73 received a warm welcome when he introduced the year-long, nationwide ecumenical evangelism effort (in which The United Methodist Church

has taken a leading role) and urged local participation.

Dr. Robert G. Mayfield, noting that "evangelism is the supreme task of the laity," expressed pleasure that the United Methodist Boards of Laity and Evangelism had been merged to form the new Board of Discipleship.

The Rev. Walter Albritton, who recently resigned from the Board of Evangelism staff to return to the local ministry, said the church's greatest need is for members to "share Christ" at every opportunity. Three of the convocation's 19 seminars and training sessions also were on evangelism.

In another major address, Mrs. Reeve Betts, former missionary to India, gave a long testimony of how she had experienced the baptism of the Holy Spirit, speaking in tongues, and physical healing. Praise and thanksgiving open people up to the Lord, she said.

Almost every speaker urged the gathering to be open to the guidance of the Holy Spirit as they went out to implement the conference theme, "Above all Christ." But more specific talk of the Holy Spirit was prompted by Mrs. Betts's testimony and by smaller-group discussions of the charismatic movement, the church's ministry of healing, and the gifts of the Spirit. As one speaker put it, "people are finding that they don't have to leave The United Methodist Church to be baptized in the Holy Spirit."

In self-evaluation efforts, Good News leaders told the convocation: the movement has kept many people from leaving the church. The Council of Bishops has grown warmer and warmer with each convocation. Good News is holding statewide meetings and sponsoring youth camps.

While some Good News spokesmen hammered at such past issues as United Methodist church-school curriculum and *motive* magazine, laymen seemed to have other interests in St. Louis. "As far as the layman is concerned the religious war is over," one of them said. "They are most interested in the training sessions, could care less about the main speakers in a sense."

Then he touched on what may become a problem within Good News in the future: "Even in this group here, one of the alarming things that I have noticed is this: we are tending to make the church God rather than making the church the *instrument* of God."

Attendance at this year's convocation was down considerably from last year (too many jurisdictional conferences and other church meetings that people had to attend, one official speculated). However the meeting served at least two major functions in this reporter's mind. First, it pointed up the need and desire of both laity and clergy for more times of personal renewal and refreshment. Secondly, it allowed concerned evangelical church members to express a "watchdog" viewpoint—something that The United Methodist Church as much as any other organization, needs to hear from time to time.

—Martha A. Lane

I AM A full-time hospital chaplain. Visiting the sick is one part of my job. But I am only one of many who drop in on patients. Even an average-size hospital today may see the influx of more than 1,000 visitors on a typical Sunday afternoon.

But how many visitors know why they are making a call or how to make it in the most thoughtful, considerate way?

Too many, I fear, are like the couple who stopped me in a hallway recently to locate a certain patient. When I was unable to tell them his whereabouts, the woman turned to the man and asked anxiously, "Are you sure that was his name?"

I moved on wondering if they were as superficially acquainted with

shot, received an enema, is running a high temperature, just heard a negative pronouncement from his doctor, or got bad news from home.

You haven't thought much about how you will act or speak. You only know you are going to see someone who is sick. But out of love or duty, or because you happened to be near the hospital, you have decided to make a call. Here are some helpful dos and don'ts:

DON'T question the patient about everyone else in the hospital. There are too many tragic cases for him to recount. And, after all, you came to see him.

DON'T open a closed door without asking a nurse if you may enter. I learned this the hard way during my first rounds as a new chaplain. Imagine my embarrassment when I barged through a closed door only to find an equally embarrassed patient on a bedpan!



How Do You Rate As a Hospital Visitor?

By CAREY E. MUMFORD with DON E. SNYDER

hospital etiquette as they were with the patient.

Being hospitalized wreaks adverse changes in the average person. One who has been very independent suddenly becomes dependent on other people. He exchanges his own tailored clothes for a plain, loose-fitting gown. He loses his familiar surroundings and finds himself in an institutional-looking room, in many cases complete with a strange roommate.

Even a person in good health might be expected to experience difficulty in such a situation. But what if he is already feeling bad? After all, as you tread through the maze of corridors, seeking out the room, you have no way of knowing if the patient just ate, is sleeping, just had an annoying

DON'T go visiting with a bad cold. The staff makes a superhuman effort to keep a sterile atmosphere. You may spread more germs than joy.

DON'T call attention to your own ills. The patient has enough to do just coping with his own.

DON'T take candy or cigars—unless you are sure the patient and his roommate are permitted such things. Patients will often tell a white lie or remain silent in order to get items the doctor has banned. (Would you believe beer, popcorn, and a small TV set smuggled in to an ulcer patient who was an ardent baseball fan?)

DON'T take flowers—unless you are sure the patient and his room-

mate have room for them and are not sensitive to them.

DON'T joke and clown around. A pleasant attitude and a smile never hurt anyone. But boisterous joviality in a hospital is sheer hypocrisy. If you played a great round of golf that morning, you may be elated. But telling the fellow in bed may stir resentment that you played while he was flat on his back.

DO keep to yourself any negative feelings about doctors or nurses. You don't want to undermine the patient's morale.

DO be considerate of other patients in the room. They are ill or they wouldn't be there.

DO wait until other visitors come out, especially if there are more than two visitors in the room. Hospital rooms are small through necessity. The presence of only one or two chairs—and not a couple of long benches—should be a hint to visitors.

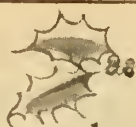
DO remember you are in a hospital and not a social hall. If a nurse or technician asks you to step aside, or leave for a few minutes, remember they are only doing their jobs: to perform tasks which ultimately will help the patient to get well.

Outside, after you have made a hospital call, it might be well to stop and ask yourself what you really did for the patient. Did your visit really help him progress toward his goal of getting better? Rate your visit by this measuring stick rather than by the sense of buoyancy which a duty performed gives.

The next time you feel motivated to make a call at the hospital, keep these dos and don'ts in mind. Those who visit can be of value to the patient if they know when to visit, when to stay away, and what to do while visiting.

You might consider performing an alternate good deed: going to the patient's house and cutting his grass, shoveling snow, cleaning house, baby-sitting, or washing his car instead of visiting and chatting.

In the eyes of the patient and the hospital staff, how do you rate as a hospital visitor? If you set a good example, you may be one of the beneficiaries—for, chances are, you'll be receiving hospital visitors one of these days yourself. □



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—CYRUS H. GORDON, *Christianity Today*

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Christmas as a Beginning

By ROBERT H. HAMILL

MOST OF US know in our bones that the prevailing celebrations of Advent and Christmas are religiously ridiculous.

They have no shape, no character.

For years a few sensitive souls have been crying, "Put Christ back into Christmas" and "Restore Christmas to Christ." Yet all the tinkering with the verses on Christmas cards, the complaints about the design of Christmas postage stamps, and the substitution of punch for cocktails at office parties add up to dilettante criticism. The recovery of Christmas would require more than that. It would require at least the total reconstruction of the calendar and of the order of things.

In our present way of life people come to Christmas Day exhausted from shopping and wrapping, addressing cards, standing in post-office lines. Some families receive and send hundreds of cards, often including a mimeographed family-activities-by-the-month résumé of the past year. Parties in offices, schools, clubs, and lodges make it almost impossible to get church people together to rehearse the Christmas pageant, and the secular man talks back to the complaining pastor, "What right does the church have to horn in on Christmas?" People become disgusted with the whole affair. They are glad for the cutoff date of December 25 when life can return to normal and they can get back on their diets. They have had their binge!

The season of Advent is meant to impart a sober but joyful anticipation of something great about to happen. As with the birth of any child there should be some anxiety about the matter. But our Advent season has no mood of preparation except in the commercial sense, no repentance except regrets that we did not start shopping before the crowds gathered, and no anticipation except that it will soon be over. As a season of the Christian Year, Advent is defunct. We do not know how to wait; we must rush things. We do not know how to receive; we insist on giving—sometimes with pride, often with calculation. Thus we clutter up the season.

Consequently Christmas marks the end instead of the beginning of something. It serves not to introduce the Christian Year but to chop it up by separating the incar-

national event from the rest of the calendar. Parents and pastors, office staffs and postmen, clerks and pilots—on December 25 everyone collapses with an audible sigh, "Thank God it's over again."

I propose that the church and Christian people withhold all celebration of Christmas until December 25. Then during the 12 days of Christmastide, culminating on Epiphany, they would send greeting cards and purchase and give gifts. Such a schedule would restore Advent as a time for reflection and anticipation. Advent would announce: "A Child is to be born! Prepare!" It would be observed by somber searching: Are we ready for such a One? What is it in our society and in us that most needs his coming? What differences will it make that he arrives among us? The church would confine itself to recollection of its pre-Christ experience, its Old Testament material, with emphasis on the mood and passages of anticipation. Meanwhile each person would compile the list of things he intended to do, gifts he intended to give, if this great thing should really happen as promised.

Then Christmas Day would arrive somewhat as a surprise, as every birth is a surprise. It really happened! A Child! This birth would set off a time of rejoicing that would spill over as the dominant mood of the continuing Christian life. Christmas itself would be sheer joy and celebration. We could then agree with W. H. Auden, who has the shepherds say when they arrive at the manger, "O here and now our endless journey starts." Starts—not ends!

During this season the church would stage its rejoicing with plays and music and singing. At the same time people would hold their parties, for then they would have good reason to be glad; and they would whoop it up for the sheer fun and delight of living in a good world, a very good world that had been visited from on high. They would buy and wrap their gifts and prepare to receive gifts on Epiphany, January 6, as the Wise Men did that first year and as the Dutch do today. "On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me . . . a partridge in a pear tree."

Gifts would be the useless and meaningful kind. Not shoes and gloves; these things ye ought to have done at other times, and not now neglect the weightier matters of surprise and delight. No guns and tanks; there is no proper time to give those in the name of Christ. Christmas gifts would be toys, poetry, handcraft, love letters, visits, donations to causes ministering to human need, promissory notes from fathers to their children pledging to spend one night a week at home, and other nontangible gifts—such things as the prisoner draws on his cell wall when he has no touch with the outer world.

And Epiphany in its turn would become a season with distinct meaning. No longer lost in the aftermath and cleanup of secular January, it would show forth the glory of Christ's coming to every corner of human life. New life has begun! See it!

Obviously this plan will not work. Any crusade to restore the Christian calendar is doomed. For one thing, there are not enough good Advent hymns to get through even the first Sunday. Furthermore, the January 6 deadline for gifts would play havoc with the year-end inventories and balance sheets. And how could our economy handle a sale in 12 days? And besides, who wants the season of joy to extend indefinitely? Bah, humbug! □

Some Call It Conversion

By ARTHUR W. GREELEY



What makes the number two man in the U.S. Forest Service decide to give up a job that he loves, that he has held for 36 years, to enter seminary? Because "the call of God to give full time to His work kept coming so strongly that I could no longer say no," the author says. Mr. Greeley entered Wesley Theological Seminary in Washington, D.C., a year ago. At the close of his first academic year he ranked highest in his class of 81 students.

—Your Editors

"DADDY, go to the hospital! Margaret has been hurt in a sledding accident and they are taking her there." The voice of our older daughter on the telephone was urgent. I knew this was serious.

The best doctors in Juneau rallied around and gave of their skill. But the internal injuries were too great. Between 4 and 8 p.m. of that December day our world fell in upon us in black despair.

Margaret was 11, the second of our three daughters. A little honey. Talented musically. Intelligent. Compassionate. She was always bringing home from school some forlorn little youngster who had no friends or had a problem too big to handle. She was the sort of person of whom the world needs more.

We were a closely knit family. Our moving from one place to another in the work of the U.S. Forest Service had helped us learn to do things together—shopping, hiking, school and church activities. This was a devastating blow. It was not just the suddenness. It was the way everything that had ever mattered was crushed, crumpled, tossed away—almost carelessly tossed away. How could children's laughter mean anything any more? How could there ever be joy again? How could sunshine ever be anything more than a reminder that one lovely, blonde 11-year-old who loved the sunshine no longer was there to feel it, to wrap it around her laughter?

I had spent those long hospital hours in prayer. I thought God had whispered, "Margaret is going to be all right." I felt double crossed. I shook my fist at God and meant it.

The black weeks turned into bleak months. My wife Anne and I knew the other two children were entitled to a happy home, not a home shadowed by grief and longing for the absent daughter. So we pulled ourselves together and went through the motions of life—sending the children to school and anxiously welcoming them home. Office. Shopping. Church. Field trips. And always that dull ache inside that would not go away.

Friends were wonderful. The community of Juneau held us to its heart in a wave of love and compassion. The Forest Service family let us know in a thousand ways how much they cared. Life slowly returned, but it was a life in which many questions, not important before, now demanded answers.

But answers did not come. Our lives, Anne's and mine, turned in two directions—trying to be useful to other people and urgently seeking for deep meaning in the life of mankind, man's life together, and the life of individuals. We became even more active in our church. We read widely. But I still could not pray. I could not sing.

On the surface, life seemed to be going well. I was busy at work. Major Alaskan resource problems demanded attention and I flung myself into them with a

heightened awareness that resources are important only as they serve the varied needs of people.

Then we were transferred to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. We fell in love with the people there, and found the resource problems of the Midwest to be as challenging and difficult as those of any part of the country. With real enthusiasm I put myself into the forestry problems of the Upper Midwest, into trying to make the national forests models of good management, and into the complex and bewildering array of pressures and counterpressures associated with the Boundary Waters Canoe Area of the Superior National Forest on the Minnesota-Canada border.

The Forest Service was buying land there, pushing new legislation, terminating resorts, always in a cross fire between folks who aggressively wanted economic development and folks who aggressively wanted full preservation. Life held all the surface challenges I could handle. Yet all the while there was that inner emptiness of questions not adequately answered, of the deep hurt now somewhat glossed over but not one whit abated.

By now we had learned to keep this sorrow to ourselves, partly because grief is uniquely your own, partly because we were in new surroundings where people did not know our story. We did not give our church friends in Milwaukee much chance to help us.

Our next move was to Washington, D.C. Anne had started teaching school as an outlet for her great compassionate love which could no longer stay bottled up inside. I plunged full bore into road right-of-way problems, multiple-use planning, speeches, and so on.

Finally, mercifully, there began to come answers to those hitherto inadequately answered questions, partly through two discerning ministers who knew the Bible and Jesus, and some friends who were willing to talk about their own life struggles.

One Christmas Eve became a turning point. I was singing in the choir at a carol-and-candlelight service starting at 11 p.m. The church was full, and there was an air of hushed expectancy. In the stillness, the solemnness of loved Christmas music, the holiness, I suddenly realized that the bitterness was gone from my heart. I could feel love again without any tinge of longing for our much-loved Margaret. I began to find within me the strength for a new level of compassion for all men.

The old-fashioned revival hymns tell us over and over again that Jesus loves us, that he will take us just as we are if we come to him, that he died to make it possible for our sins to be forgiven. Now these great truths began to ring clear. Jesus came out of the history books.

Then one glorious March at a men's prayer breakfast in our church I met Jesus face-to-face when I asked him to take me just as I was. Some people call it conversion. I don't want to insist on terms. To me it was an awakening. Everything came alive. Words from the Bible that I had heard many times before took on new meaning. No sermon was ever dull again. I found I could pray. The Holy Spirit became real as a person in my life. And I looked on my fellowmen and wanted everyone I saw to know the same transforming experience I had had.

That was more than seven years ago. I had been a churchgoer for many years, a member for nearly 20. I had been active in building committees, finance drives, chairman of the official board, lay leader, and so on.

Busy. Busy. Too busy to have time for that which the Christian church is all about, namely the person of Jesus Christ and the personal relationship between each believer and him. There is nothing in the lives of any one of us that is more important. It took me more than half of a man's normal allotment of years to find that out. And that is only the beginning. After one makes that contact and sets that relationship then comes the joy, and the surrender, and the discipline of developing spiritual maturity.

I cannot pinpoint exactly when this change in my life ripened into a conviction that I should study for the ministry so as to commit my life to helping others find the life that Jesus would have us all live. It was more than a year ago. Maybe I was biting off more than I can chew, but I think not. At least I know I may not say no to a call on my life to do all I can in the service of Jesus Christ in order that others may know about, and find, the saving release I have found from grief, from burdens, from a weight that seemed too heavy to be borne.

"Who am I?" is a question that our young people are asking a lot now. Many of us older folks need to think about that question, too, for it is relevant in everything we do. Who am I? A bit of flotsam churned up by a succession of accidents? A purposeless part of an undefined system of energy here in the sunlight for a while and then headed for the distant darkness? Or is there a discernible purpose of which I am a part? If so, why is it so hard to see?

We cannot depend on public opinion to tell us who we are. Even for a particular subject like resource management, public opinion is a fickle guide. Just four years ago the Forest Service was charged with poor management of national forests because the timber cut was too low. Now the critics are saying it is too high.

If we, as individuals, depend on other men to tell us who we are, we will never know—for men's opinions shift and change in much the way public opinion does.

God intends us to live so that we can know the inner peace "which passes all understanding." He wants us each to know the One who said, "Come to me, all who labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." He wants us to find from our personal experience that indeed "in everything God works for good with those who love him, who are called according to his purpose."

I don't want to infer that I have found all the answers, but I have decided what values come first in my life. Important as man's handling of resources is, I have come to see that for me men's relationship with God is of supreme importance. For me that means man's relationship with God through Jesus Christ, who wants each one of us to have a personal relationship with him.

I may not know completely who I am. But I do know whose I am. I have elected to go all the way with Jesus. He brought me back to life from an existence that was not worth living. What else can I do but try to tell other people that he can do the same for them? □

Adapted from In the Service (A Christmas Story) which appeared in the December, 1971, issue of American Forests. Used by permission. —Your Editors

Say It!

Our editors may or may not agree with opinions expressed, but they believe in your right to Say It! And that is what this new department is for. Does an idea of yours need saying? Send it to Say It! 1661 N. Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

As principal of a small Alabama school, I was surprised when the eighth-grade class president asked if the school would object if his class had a "Walk for Christ." The walk, he explained, would be a clean-up campaign. "We will meet here at school on a Saturday morning, have a short prayer about the beauty of God's world, and then walk to town picking up litter along the highway," he said.

I agreed that the project was a good one. It was a magnificent success. The students met early that Saturday and walked the six miles into town. A member of the school board furnished a large truck that was almost completely filled with the litter and trash the children collected. At the end of the walk the students, led by their teacher, had a closing prayer expressing their desire to keep the world litter-free as God wants it to be.

Rollin Moseley
Atmore, Ala.

I don't think you can prove from the Bible that there should be a "Church of Christ Uniting" in the United States. But those committed to the Consultation have a firm foundation for their belief that COCU is an obedient response to texts such as John 17:20-22.

Dr. William J. Boney, Professor
Virginia Union University School
of Theology, and Clergyman,
Presbyterian Church, U.S.

The withdrawal from COCU of the United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., can be interpreted as a wise act—one far more courageous than, for instance, the continued tacit support of COCU by United Methodism. That lumbering giant, it seems, will remain with COCU to the end in order to avoid criticism—even though no one

seriously believes that the Church of Christ Uniting could ever be acceptable to either Methodism's leadership or its constituency.

Dennis M. Campbell
From *The Christian Century*

I wish to express gratitude to the delegates of the 1972 General Conference for their unanimous approval of my resolution to provide church-school literature for United Methodists who are visually handicapped. I feel that God has answered my prayers now that this lifelong dream is to become a reality.

On behalf of all the visually handicapped members of our denomination, I want to thank those who have encouraged me to work for the publishing of braille literature.

Mrs. Inez Kilpatrick
Charlotte, N.C.

As a part of our confirmation class experience, I ask the young people to write a prayer.

I was quite moved by the prayer of a 14-year-old eighth-grader, Julie Jameson. I think *Together's* readers, too, will appreciate it:



"Willie Smith! You're a fine example of a heavenly host!"

"Dear Lord, sometimes I think of my life as a road. Part of the time I plod along steadily, indifferently; just continuing my journey, giving no thought to the road ahead or behind. Sometimes I storm along angrily, inwardly screaming, 'Get out of my way!' Once in a while I am afraid and wish I could turn back. Other times the weather is glorious—fresh and clear—and my pace is quick and joyous. Often I feel tired and discouraged and want to sit in the road for the rest of my life, to watch others struggle along. But, Lord, we all must walk the road to the end. Please walk with me, Lord. Amen."

John W. Neff, Pastor
United Methodist Church
Orono, Maine

The mad scramble to give bigger and better Christmas gifts seems to get worse every year. Families go into debt to buy things they would never dream of purchasing any other time. The only way I can see that I can change this is just to refuse to join the scramble—and teach my children to do the same.

Mrs. J. G. Danaho
Houston, Texas

Overindulgence is perhaps the most distasteful facet of the Christmas season. Second is the rite of giving Christmas baskets to the needy. People get hungry at other times of the year. I am for sharing at other times, too, or discontinuing the practice entirely.

John Tallmadge
Elkhart, Ind.

Fear is the root of evil. Frightened men are dangerous. A Christian is one who knows that there is only one fear worth having—the fear of the Lord. All other fear is swallowed up in that great Word: Seek first the Kingdom and His justice—and leave the rest in the hand of God.

Krister Stendahl, Dean
Harvard Divinity School

Anno Domini 1972

In the days of Herod the king

There was a massive military structure
Accepted by many, borne by all,
Challenged, occasionally, by some.

And in that region there were shepherds keeping watch —

Silent men at work
But sharp enough to see glory
And caring enough to follow where it led.

Wise Men came too,

Scientists, students, Asian, Negro, who knows?
Looking for the Great Truth, at any rate,
Committing their lives to the search.

The Woman, with child, bore Him in a stable,

Looking up to a quiet man of uncommon courage,
Planning together for a loving home,
Knowing full well that pain is in the midst of life.

Now, some call this the "Post-Christian Era."

Why do we tell, then, an old story over again?
Reject it, rationalize it, rebel against it,
Cry, "God, that it were true!"
And in the end, whisper to ourselves,
"There is something here still . . .
The world is not done with Jesus yet.
Did we not feel our hearts on fire
As he walked with us on the road?"

"And the star which they had seen at its rising
Went ahead of them . . ."

— Harriet S. Popowski



After Viet Nam, What?

By JOHN WESLEY LORD
United Methodist Bishop (Retired)
Director, Bishops' Call for Peace
and the Self-Development of Peoples

WITH THE END of our military involvement in Viet Nam, we bring to a close one of the most agonizing, controversial, and humiliating chapters in the history of a great nation.

Viet Nam has been devastated, and the cost to our own nation has been staggering: an estimated 55,000 dead among more than 350,000 American casualties; 10 to 15 percent of our troops using heroin in one form or another; and \$120 billion spent on destruction—about \$600 for every American man, woman, and child. It is appropriate to ask: After Viet Nam, what?

There are those who write about war without end and predict the possibility and probability of other "Viet Nams" in Latin America, Africa, the Middle East. Others talk of the problems of genocide which must be faced by the United Nations. Since 1945 more persons have died by massacre than from formal wars—and this in spite of the convention against the crime of genocide now adhered to by 75 states in the United Nations.

After Viet Nam, what? For Christians the question presupposes a greater theological question. What will be the future of Christ in our world? Will faithfulness to the gospel survive future Viet Nams? In this last chance that history affords, will religion be able to shape public opinion and create a climate in which theology can give direction to the course of human events?

We hear the cry of Pope Paul VI, "No more war," and we know now that war cannot settle international conflicts. Man now possesses a

power he cannot use without destroying himself. We know these things. But is knowledge enough?

War is evitable, not inevitable as so many declare. It is the natural result of human exploitation, the outward and visible sign of the violation of justice and freedom somewhere. Too often nations support devastating contradictions in human affairs and then are amazed when war "breaks out." War is overt, but it is also covert. To our sorrow we have learned that the overt act of violence with which a shooting war actually begins is often the result of covert maneuvering and political planning in high places.

As American citizens we can no longer hide from nor take pride in the origins of our government's policy in Viet Nam, beginning in 1954. The actions that brought on this war were unilateral, without legal foundation, and calculated to achieve the U.S. government's end of global anti-Communism.

THERE is not now and never has been an officially recognized international boundary within Viet Nam, separating north from south. It was the "provisional" Geneva Agreements of July 20, 1954, that partitioned the Vietnamese peninsula into two halves along the 17th parallel.

We were willing to accept as "permanent" the armistice line, awaiting elections that were never held, because it served our national purpose to create a national state in the south. What followed is a long and sordid involvement on the part

of the U.S. government under five presidents, all acting in accord with our "national interests" in Southeast Asia.

Having learned the truth about the U.S. involvement, we protest the deception and the dishonor that it has brought us. When we are told in justification for U.S. action that a bloodbath would have resulted in South Viet Nam had we not intervened, we reply that we in fact have caused a bloodbath by our bombings, destroying homes and villages, killing thousands of civilians, and creating millions of refugees in their own land.

What role remains for the United States to play in this tangled situation?

As a first requirement, we must engage in a new quest for justice. Peace must always come with justice, and it will remain a chimera until we achieve a greater measure of justice in human relations than we have in the past.

"Peace agreements" must not be used to make a truce with our national defects. To expect any nation to accept "peace" on terms that give permanence and respectability to the violation of human rights is fatuous. The justice we desire for all must awaken in us a critical sense toward the values we have held in the past when they cease to promote justice for others.

We are rightly concerned for the self-development of peoples. But are we willing to see to it that development and underdevelopment are not determined by fate? Too often they are the products of power structures which by their own dynamics automatically continue present inequities and the impoverishment of others. On all levels—religious, political, economic, and cultural—the world is ruled by the so-called developed countries and their self-created power structures. If we wish to work with the underdeveloped countries, we must begin with the transformation of our own society. Alienation, exploitation, and imperialism deny the theological origins of our nation and society.

A weeping Buddhist mother in Saigon told a group of churchmen that she had dedicated her son to ten years of service in the north in an effort to end the exploitation of her daughters in the south by U.S. servicemen and the destruction of

the national values of her country. The depth of her dedication was no less than that of a Catholic mother giving her son to the priesthood of the church. The church's mission, seen as the redemption of the human race, is in reality the liberation of all mankind from every form of oppression. Buddhist, Hindu, Christian, Jew—we join in this global effort.

As a second requirement, we must reconstitute and strengthen the United Nations. With all its weaknesses, the UN provides a sounding board for the Third World, and as we move toward global consciousness and global loyalties, we must depend increasingly upon the effective functioning of this international organization.

IT IS a cause of alarm that so little attention and support is given the UN in this present crisis. The General Accounting Office reports that the overrun in the current U.S. weapons development program totals \$28.7 billion. Meanwhile the House of Representatives has voted to slash the U.S. contribution to the UN budget by \$29.7 million, one one-thousandth of the arms overrun. We are drifting in a dangerous direction.

Can we fail to see that the human race is at a turning point, a hinge of history, that forces us to break with past patterns of thought and accepted wisdom?

"The old order changeth yielding place to new / And God fulfills himself in many ways / Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."—*The Passing of Arthur* by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Is not God fulfilling himself today as we see the old order changing and recognize that the "good" customs of the past are now corrupting the world? It is difficult for many to replace national loyalties with global loyalties and to trust the United Nations. We condemn but we do not support.

In one of his final statements as UN secretary-general, U Thant said that governments "all too often turn to their world organization only in times of crisis—usually when it is too late," and then call the UN a failure "after they have let trouble break loose."

He added: "To the impatient voices from all quarters calling for an end to the UN and its replacement with

a more dynamic and effective instrument of peace, this secretary-general can only reply: Take care; in today's troubled world there might not even be a chance to establish a new international organization—much less a better one than the UN. Cherish it, improve it—but do not forsake it! I have never been so convinced as now of the usefulness, the potential, and the absolute necessity of the United Nations."

Our generation has produced and used radio telescopes to discover that the universe has 100,000 million other galaxies, each with 100,000 million other suns. We have harnessed nuclear energy, and through the use of our computers we can project infinitely complicated human activities. Today we share with all the people of the world instantaneous and interplanetary video and audio communication. Never has mankind known so vast a scale of change. We are puzzled, confused, and shocked by the greatness of this age. Why do we not embrace rather than fear an international organization?

It was said of Pope John XXIII that his greatness lay in his being unafraid to open himself up to ideas that could not be contained in neat parcels, in not having to see the end of the road in order to have the courage to take the first steps.

Today we must take many first steps without knowing for sure just where we are going. In the past we have trusted our separate national governments. The nation was the effective instrument of judgment, decision, and action. But suddenly we are planetary people. National parochialism is no longer safe. Today on an international scale we risk nuclear conflict and planetary nuclear pollution. No single nation in glorious isolationism can avert this risk. If we are to survive as a human race, the control of these threatening forces and powers will have to be achieved by nations acting together. We tremble to think what would be the result if through apathy or indifference or fear the UN were to die.

The United Nations is mankind's best hope. States acting separately can

produce planetary disaster.

Kurt Waldheim, U Thant's successor as secretary-general of the UN, reminds us that the process of technological advance and democratization is producing a new form of world society and that the old system of power blocs is no longer acceptable to the peoples of the world. "The interest, the wisdom, and the importance of the vast majority of medium and smaller powers cannot at this point in history be ignored in any durable system of world order," he said. Let us listen to the world, not simply to ancient power systems.

Surely the agony of the years in Viet Nam has taught us that we must relate peace to politics. Peace is best conceived as a process in which all share and in which all nations must endure patiently until rational solutions can be found to prevent injustices and aggravations.

AS CHURCHMEN, we must accept the fact that moral judgment is never isolated from knowledge and action but is a dimension of them. The UN is the only present international political agency that can unite moral judgment with knowledge and act upon that judgment. Only thus do we relate power to love.

It is a source of great pride and satisfaction that our United Methodist Fund for Reconciliation provided \$2 million to be expended in Viet Nam on behalf of the church for the care of wounded and maimed children in that war-torn land and for the rehabilitation of its peoples. One million dollars of this fund already has been expended there. This is love in action.

After Viet Nam, what? As a nation we must begin a new quest for justice; and to guarantee that justice shall be done, we need to reconstitute and to strengthen the United Nations. With these let us begin. It is not ours to finish the task, nor are we free to take no part in it. What is at stake is nothing less than the future of the Christian faith in the world.



More than 2,300 miles from his home in Mexico, Carlos Fautsch helps the Howarths trim their Christmas tree.

Christmas, *International Style*

Text by Lynda Campo / Pictures by George P. Miller

UNITED Methodists in suburban Pittsburgh found a special Christmas gift last year: hospitality, international style. Spending the holidays with families of Ingomar United Methodist Church, 12 students from around the world were participating in a national, ecumenical program called Christmas International House (CIH).

As U.S. colleges and universities closed for the holidays and American students left for their homes, Ingomar's guests came by car, bus, and even on foot to their "home away from home" in the northwest Pittsburgh suburb.

Because the students represented a mixture of races, nationalities, and creeds, for some it was their first celebration of Christmas. For others like 23-year-old Carlos Fautsch, a Roman Catholic from Mexico, it was a traditional holiday with exciting new customs.

Hosts and guests alike anticipated an adventurous two weeks touring the Pittsburgh area, sharing American family life and Christmas traditions, exploring customs and beliefs around the world, and witnessing the Christian church in service during its most joyous season.

Ingomar Church had only one lost student on arrival day—Carlos. Everyone was worried, especially 16-year-old Hank Howarth who had persuaded his parents and two sisters to invite a student into their home. Coming from Southern Illinois University in Carbondale, Carlos had to drive through a blinding snowstorm in Ohio and finally arrived several hours late.

By the end of his two weeks, however, Carlos knew his way around the winding roads of the hilly community. With other international students he visited Pittsburgh's industrial, educational, and cultural centers, and attended CIH orientation suppers, special parties, and Christmas services planned by church members and community residents.

In the Walter Howarth home he became one of the family—and the envy of their neighbors and friends. Whether decorating the tree, celebrating Hank's birthday, or spending Christmas day with the 15 relatives who gathered at the Howarth home, Carlos fit in well. So well, said Mrs. Howarth, "the kids even continued to fight. It wasn't as if they had a guest and had to be on best behavior." For Hank it was an extended two-week birthday celebration—one to be repeated this year when the Howarths and other Ingomar Church members host their second group of international guests.

Ingomar Church, 12 miles from Pittsburgh, has grown from a small country church built more than 100 years ago to a 2,000-member suburban congregation. The majority of its families have been transferred into the Pittsburgh area where their breadwinners work in large corporations. Most of the families who took a guest last year have no relatives living nearby, according to Bea (Mrs. William) Cook, CIH chairman, who has since moved to Portland, Oreg.

For families like Beverly and Kenneth Ross and their two small children, the CIH experience was almost like



Joining other young people at an Ingomar Church UMYF meeting, Carlos and Hank Howarth talk about Christmas customs in the U.S. and Mexico.



Moses Choto, a United Methodist Crusade Scholar from Rhodesia, relaxes (above) with Ellen and David Dobbin as they work a puzzle of (what else?) the state of Pennsylvania. Lunch stop on a tour of Pittsburgh points of interest (below) finds Mrs. Kenneth Ross and Mrs. William Cook, present and past local chairwomen of CIH, with Alfred Inyang, another Rhodesian, and Nicolle Budeanu of Brazil.



having relatives visit again. Their guest was Nicolle Budeanu, a 21-year-old Jewish student from Brazil studying political science at Jacksonville State University in Alabama. "She was almost like my sister," said Mrs. Ross who accompanied Nicolle on tours, took her to the Pittsburgh symphony, and had "heart-to-heart talks about boyfriends."

A three-time participant in Christmas International House, Nicolle explained that even though she is Jewish, she likes Christmas. "I think it is a nice family gathering. I like Christmas caroling and going to services on Christmas Eve." She and other non-Christian students are accustomed to the interdenominational nature of CIH because they frequently attend various religious services on campus.

So successful was Ingomar's program last year that one of the biggest problems was the way everyone wanted to entertain the students. "People who were not housing students in their own homes wanted to entertain them for dinner," said Mrs. Cook, "but hosts were reluctant to give them up even for an evening." Two Ingomar families were disappointed when their prospective guests canceled at the last minute—too late for CIH headquarters to arrange for replacements even though 500 applicants had been turned down.

Each year CIH expands in order to accommodate more of the 145,000 international students in this country. The program started in 1965 when a Presbyterian church in Huntingdon, W.Va., invited students to spend the holidays with its members. Last year 42 churches and community groups sponsored programs serving 1,700 students from 80 countries. And this year six additional communities are participating.

Some international students with families participate in CIH although accommodations in many locations limit the program to adults. The only cost to students is their transportation to and from the International House of their choice. Housing, food, entertainment, and other costs are picked up by sponsoring churches and organizations. Unlike the Ingomar program, about half of the students are housed in church buildings which are temporarily converted into dormitories.

For the Walter Howarth family and other members of Ingomar Church their first Christmas International House was an exciting experience, one which promoted greater international understanding among hosts and students. Indeed, for two years before CIH came to Ingomar, Mr. Howarth had unsuccessfully urged his family to accompany him on a business trip to Mexico. Carlos Fautsch's 1971 visit generated the needed enthusiasm. After listening to Carlos tell of his country's Christmas celebration, which begins on December 16 and ends on January 6, and of other Mexican customs, all five Howarths are looking forward to a vacation in Mexico.

Ironically, Pittsburgh was Carlos' fourth choice out of five International Houses he could have attended. But his only disappointment turned out to be a lack of snow; he wanted to go skiing. Carlos even stayed two days longer than planned, a strong indication that he felt right at home with the Howarths and other members of Ingomar United Methodist Church. □



Pittsburgh, the international students discovered is not the soot-darkened city they were told to expect. All were impressed by the beauty of the area and the hospitality of Ingomar Church members.



Is Christ Coming Again?

By H. PHILIP WEST, JR., *Pastor-Director*
Church of All Nations Neighborhood House
New York, New York

"Look, I am sending my messenger who will clear a path before me. Suddenly the Lord whom you seek will come to his temple; . . . Who can endure the day of his coming? Who can stand firm when he appears? He will take his seat, refining and purifying; . . ."

—Malachi 3:1-3 NEB

A WOMAN handed me a note at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street in New York City. This is part of what it said:

"God is warning America of a great destruction that's coming very soon. Buildings will be burning and tumbling down. Be prepared! Make sure you're in the safety zone. The only way to be safe is to be covered by the blood of Jesus."

This kind of message is not new. When we were visiting relatives in Maine several years ago, our hosts took us on a tour of the island where their summer cottage is located. The road ran past a cove where low waves broke on a stony beach beneath pine and hemlock trees. We followed the narrow macadam road as it wound through the forest and along the edge of a meadow. We stopped near a historical marker.

The meadow looked plain enough in the summer sunshine, but it has a strange history. Back in the 1880s there were a number of prophecies that the world would come to an end on this very site on a particular night at two o'clock in the morning. The prophets predicted Jesus would come back to earth in this meadow.

As the ominous night approached, thousands of people were ferried out to the island to await the Lord's Second Coming. Some wore special robes for the occasion, others just carried blankets to keep warm.

The sunset colors faded. The people in the meadow sang and prayed in the growing darkness. They called off the hours: "Nine o'clock . . . Ten o'clock . . ." The dew came. "Eleven o'clock . . . Twelve . . . One o'clock . . . One thirty . . . One forty . . ." Everyone was ready. The prophets were chanting. Someone screamed. Others joined in a great cry.

And then they realized that two o'clock had passed. The shouting stopped. Two thirty. Three thirty and still no light from heaven. Still no sound of trumpets. Children fell asleep. Some people continued to pray. Others only sat and shivered. Four thirty . . . Five o'clock. Dawn came as usual. People stood up and stretched, stiff from the damp and cold. The sun rose—and the people went home.

Today only the historical marker tells passersby that this is where Christ was supposed to have come again on that night the world was supposed to have ended.

There have been hundreds of dramatic but mistaken predictions about the end of the world. But there have been some prophecies which came true in ways even the prophets themselves could not have imagined.

Malachi, whose name in Hebrew means "my messenger," spoke in Jerusalem 400 years before the birth

of Jesus. At that time the Holy City was in a state of ruin. A new Temple had been built but the people were losing interest in religion. The priests still carried on the ancient cycle of ritual sacrifices though the times had changed.

Malachi stood at the edge of the courtyard around the Temple and watched the processions of priests and worshippers. It was against the law to offer blemished lambs or defiled pigeons as sacrifices to the Lord. But here a priest was leading a lamb with a deformed leg to the altar. Malachi saw that some of the sacrificial animals were so sick they had to be carried. He listened to the talk in the market area beyond the Temple and discovered that the lambs were being stolen from peasants and sold to the out-of-town pilgrims for their sacrifice. He saw also that this cheapened form of sacrifice was only one sign of the national decline. Values which held the society together were being discarded.

As Malachi sat in the courts where property matters were decided, he was disturbed to find that perjury was part of the routine. One witness swore that an agreement had been made for the sale of a farm, but another witness swore it had not been settled. Malachi was no lawyer, but he could tell that someone was lying. He watched a widow being cheated out of the house her husband had left her, and no one rose to defend her rights. When Malachi himself inquired about this, he was thrown out of court and ordered not to intrude again.

The prophet walked the streets of the city he loved and watched the empty faces. He overheard conversations about adultery, and as he returned along the winding streets to the outer court of the Temple, indignation twisted inside him.

Malachi knew this could not continue. The glib dishonesty and common obscenity which had become almost normal were polluting the emotions and minds of the people. The cheapened religious ceremonies and perverted court procedures were weakening the Hebrew moral fiber to the point where the entire society would unravel.

The sense of outrage grew within Malachi until he had to speak up. "The Lord . . . will come to his temple," he said, explaining "He will take his seat, refining and purifying."

Notice that Malachi bears a message of judgment but not damnation. He speaks of a refiner, not a destroyer. He predicts that the Lord will purify the Temple worship of deformed sacrifices. God will purge false testimony from the courts and will cleanse the language and the minds of people. This is a message of judgment but it is also a declaration of hope.

Four hundred fifty years later another prophet passed through the streets of Jerusalem listening to voices and watching faces. There had been changes of government and modifications of Temple ritual. There had been serious attempts at political and social reform. There had been occasional efforts at religious renewal. But the shabby patterns were repeated, and the corruption remained.

Finally Jesus stood at the Temple gate and trembled with rage. Now the Lord had come to his Temple. The Refiner had come and most people could not bear his coming. They arrested him, sentenced him to death.

Within 40 years, Jerusalem was pillaged by the Roman

army. The Temple was desecrated and burned, and even the ground where it had stood was plowed under. Just as Malachi had predicted, the Refiner had come and cleansed the Temple. But in the end he accomplished far more than Malachi expected.

MALACHI predicted refinement and purification but nothing as profound or radical as the changes which took place in Judaism after the coming of Jesus. Even the majority of Jews who rejected Jesus' claims gave up animal sacrifice forever. Jews who expelled Christians from their synagogues found their ancient religion utterly changed in the 50 years which followed Jesus' invasion of the Temple. Judaism was purified of blood and sacrifice. It became a culture of personal integrity beyond what it ever had been before. The whole meaning of being Jewish changed in that first violent century after the birth of Jesus. He invaded the Temple and burst into the lives of people, too.

The list of people whose lives were transformed by Jesus goes on and on: Peter with his impulsive blunders, James and John with their lust for power, Thomas with his doubts, Paul with his fanaticism, and millions yet to be born.

Malachi was distressed by the sloppy decline in religious life. He predicted a purifier, a refiner. Jesus was all of that, and no one could resist his coming.

Certainly there were many who would not be refined: the religious experts whose self-confidence blinded them to new thoughts and feelings, a rich young ruler whose attachments to luxury meant more to him than freedom, and Judas Iscariot, the superpatriot whose dream for the nation led him to betray his Lord. But even these could not resist his coming. Those narrow religious idealists felt their foundations crumbling as he passed by. The rich young ruler turned away to sorrowful obscurity, and Judas committed suicide. This, too, was the Refiner's fire. Burning, cauterizing, Jesus came like a surgeon. He exposed the disease and cut away the malignancy.

T. S. Eliot writes of Christ as a "wounded surgeon":
*The wounded surgeon plies the steel
That questions the distempered part;
Beneath the bleeding hands we feel
The sharp compassion of the healer's art.*

Each of us has something inside that needs the sharp compassion of Jesus Christ the surgeon. Without his care the disorders in our lives get worse. It may be preoccupation with money or a craving for fashion, cosmetics, stimulants, drugs. For some it is the inability to tolerate those whose life-styles and opinions differ. For others it may be distorted sexual desires. Each of us needs refining.

This Advent, as we think about Christ's coming we would be foolish to worry about the often repeated prophecies that God is about to end the world. We do not know when that time will be.

But we are greater fools if we imagine only Jesus in a manger, a helpless baby who asks nothing of us but adoration.

When we sing "Come, thou long-expected Jesus," we are calling for the Refiner's fire. We are asking for the sharp compassion of the surgeon. We are welcoming Emmanuel, God with us, to change and purify our lives. □

Playhouse Academy . . .

Where Children Play to Learn

By GERALDINE ROBERTSON GUMBERT

NEUROLOGICAL is a pretty big word.

Especially when it means whether or not your six-year-old talks and walks normally like the other kids on the block.

It was an unfamiliar word to Mrs. J. C. Evans when she first brought her six-year-old son, Joey, to the Playhouse Academy in Omaha, Nebraska. She had heard about the academy's director, Mrs. Lois Jones, and how she helped many preschool children conquer problems like Joey's.

Deep inside, Mrs. Evans was afraid that her son's inability to speak and move normally could not be helped by anyone. Secretly she feared that he was retarded. But she still hoped . . . and her hopes had brought her here.

Lois Jones first saw Joey two years ago when he shuffled quietly behind his mother into the office at the academy. From that morning's interview Mrs. Jones discovered that Joey's speech was no more than unintelligible stammering. Poorly coordinated, he could not even catch a big brightly colored beach ball.

A year later Joey Evans was speaking plainly and had no difficulty keeping up with his first-grade class at school. He has made new playmates and now leads the happy rambunctious life of any normal little boy.

What had happened to Joey during that year? To Joey's mother what happened was a miracle. But to Lois Jones, Joey's recovery was simply another result of the new teaching methods she had created to aid children in their neurological development.

Joey Evans is only one of the fortunate children helped by Lois Jones since she first opened Playhouse Academy more than three years ago. It was started as, and still is, principally a child day-care center, offering a service needed by many families on Omaha's predominantly black north side. That beginning year The United Methodist Church contributed almost \$7,500 in scholarships to the academy. The money not only helped the school get off the ground but provided funds for children from families of low income and for children whose parents were attending school to learn job skills.

Mrs. Jones was grateful that "a lot of children who would not have been helped otherwise" were given the opportunity to attend the academy because of the church's contribution. Now Mrs. Jones runs Playhouse Academy as a private school and awards the only scholarships given out herself. But she has helped change



Three years ago Lois Jones, a registered nurse, opened her child-care center. Today 400 full-time preschoolers benefit from its program. Visitors from across the nation have traveled to Omaha to observe her "wholistic approach" to helping children with neurological problems.

the lives of many youngsters and has earned national fame in the public-health field for her progress in neurological development and related areas such as problems of depth and range perception, and the "crossed eyes" occasionally seen in children.

According to Mrs. Jones, the nervous systems of children who are immobilized by sickness or accident sometime between birth and the time they walk miss out on an important stage of neurological development. Joey Evans had undergone surgery before he was two and had fought bouts with pneumonia after that.

"It was these facts that alerted me," she said. So she tested him further to learn more about his development. "I had him draw pictures of his mother and daddy," she said, holding up a manila paper with crayon markings.

"The elongated arms and legs showed me that Joey was not seeing properly. I took him into the academy and also gave his mother a strict home regimen. She was instructed to 'pattern' him as he slept. He is right-handed so I asked her to make certain he slept on his right side," Mrs. Jones explained. There were other patterning exercises but to Joey they were simply games.

This is the heart of Mrs. Jones's new concept. While others in the field used exercises to aid development of the nervous system, she converted exercises into games that children play willingly. So Joey cooperated fully because he was having fun "playing" instead of routinely working at dreary exercises.

Mrs. Jones uses a "choo-choo train" game, a creep-crawl neurological exercise, to help "straighten" crossed eyes. "Basic movements of 'choo-choo train' converge the eyes and strengthen the eye muscles," she explained. "I believe the child's movements pattern the brain. Pushing up, crawling, and creeping are the basic movements that pattern."

It might well be said of Mrs. Jones's teaching method that her students crawl away their crossed eyes. However, she shies away from any suggestion that her methods are not strictly scientific. She bases her program on the knowledge that "thinking can be obstructed by certain kinds of physical disorganization. The child who has not moved around enough physically while growing up may not have the proper brain patterning."

Mrs. Jones, who was born in Omaha and grew up in the city's black neighborhood, believes this often occurs in black families where children are cared for by aging grandparents or elderly friends who cannot keep up with the energetic youngsters.

According to Mrs. Jones, a grandparent tells the child, "Come here and sit on grandpa's lap," and the child obeys happily, sitting and watching television all day long.

"These children don't get the exercise a growing child needs to develop his neurological system correctly," Mrs. Jones believes.

What physical problems should alert a parent to the possibility that a child is neurologically underdeveloped?

According to Lois Jones, "If a child is stammering, stuttering, mute, running into obstacles such as doors, having reading problems or crossed eyes, I'd suspect something. Especially if the child is having speech problems, since the movements that are used to organize speech are the same that pattern the brain."

Mrs. Jones's new concept, the "wholistic approach," aids in attracting an average of 21 visitors a week to



"Children will do anything if it's a game," Mrs. Jones says. "That's why this is called Playhouse. And 'academy' means a place of learning."

the academy from all over the United States.

In May, 1970, Lois Jones was one of five cited by American Nurses' Association as "America's Most Involved Nurses." (She and the other four became subjects of a film on community health made by the Schering Pharmaceutical Corporation and which has been viewed by President Richard Nixon.) Later that year she was invited to become a member of the 19-member National Commission for the Study of Nursing.

Lois Turner Jones has come a long way from her Omaha childhood when she decided early that she wanted to be like the public-health nurses who visited the neighborhoods. That ambition took her to General Hospital No. 2 in Kansas City, Missouri, for nurses training and eventually to Omaha College (now part of the University of Nebraska) where she received a B.S. in biological science. After earning her master's degree in art and curriculum instruction at Columbia University in New York, Mrs. Jones was consultant for Nebraska Methodist Hospital's school of nursing and coordinator of nursing education for two years. She held similar positions at three other nursing schools and was dean of

nursing at one other before starting Playhouse Academy.

During those years she could never wipe away the memory of her first contact with child-care situations. "As a Nebraska State Public Health Nurse 22 years ago, I inspected licensed boarding homes for children," she recalls. "I'd see them serve bologna sandwiches on dry bread with watered milk. I'd lift up a baby and mark its wet diaper with a red pencil, only to come back later and still find the red mark there and the baby in a slopping wet diaper. And I mean slopping!

"I started saying, 'Somebody should do something.' Then that changed to 'I should do something.' Somehow I suspected I'd end up doing this," she says, sweeping her hand to indicate the Playhouse.

It was while serving for eight years as Duchesne College's dean of nursing in Omaha that the idea of establishing a privately owned and operated child-care center with a weekly charge finally took hold. Now Playhouse Academy, licensed to handle 400 full-time preschoolers, is running a full house. About 10 percent of the children are white, although no racial ratio is attempted, Mrs. Jones emphasized.

"I didn't look into government funding," says Mrs. Jones in explaining why her school is private. "The government sets up its own programs and concepts. I wanted to work out my own."

Lois Jones had such faith in establishing her child center that she even approached a real-estate agent about buying a house "without a cent in my pocket." The agent was impressed with her determination and took her proposal to a local bank himself.

The banker thought the Small Business Administration would be interested in Mrs. Jones's program. It was and a short time later Mrs. Jones had her loan—at extremely good rates.

In spite of the recognition given the Playhouse con-

cept, Mrs. Jones said some doctors have criticized her methods: "Any kid that gets that amount of attention is bound to make some kind of improvement." However she treasures a letter from Dr. Frank J. Menolasino, associate professor of psychiatry and pediatrics at the Nebraska Psychiatric Institute in Omaha, one of her staunchest supporters.

He wrote, "I'm attending and studying every day-care center in Omaha. Your program is currently at the top of my personal-professional 'mind's eye' rating of day-care facilities in our area." When asked about some of the criticism from doctors, Dr. Menolasino said, "It's medical blindness . . . on the part of my brethren. I don't believe it's entirely the attention they [the children] get because you see every day well-meaning people overprotecting kids."

Another local advocate for the academy is Harold Rogers, assistant administrator of Douglas County social services, who called it the "most innovative day-care center in Omaha" (county seat of Douglas County).

Since 1971 more than 300 students from Omaha's seven nursing schools, learning about child-care centers, have observed the method practiced at the academy. The University of Nebraska also sends its day-care workers to Mrs. Jones for training. She shows the ATECE (Aide Training and Early Childhood Education) trainees the ins and outs of her method.

Playhouse Academy's motto is "A child plays to learn and learns to play."

"They'll do anything if it's a game," Mrs. Jones said. "That's why this is called Playhouse. And 'academy' means a place of learning."

Sometimes the child center is confused with the Omaha Community Playhouse.

"We get calls for tickets all the time," says Lois Jones good-naturedly. "But it doesn't bother us." □

Love

in a Coffee Cup

By Rene Wade Ross

BLOWING SNOW dimmed the street lights to a faint glow, and drifts piled high against buildings. Omaha airport was closed, and the train terminal overflowed with stranded servicemen trying to get home for Christmas. Two servicemen, their last money gone for coffee, stretched out on the hard seats to wait out the delay.

"Let me help you, ma'am."

Grandmother, already tired from a 12-hour wait, gratefully allowed the young serviceman to take her heavy suitcase. Earlier she had seen the soldier waiting at the telegraph counter, patiently shifting from foot to foot, jingling a few coins in his pocket.

"Did you get your wire?" Grandmother asked hopefully.

"Not yet," he replied softly, looking down at his shiny black shoes.

"My military flight's grounded, and I wired home for train fare." Glancing up at the big terminal clock, he explained that he was on his last trip home before going overseas. "If the money comes in time, that is," he added wistfully. Almost to himself he spoke, "Just a \$5 ticket between me and home."

Later, through the steamed-up window of the coffee shop, Grandmother could see the soldier still waiting. Looking down at the drying brown stain in her coffee cup, she got an idea. She pushed her chair back, determinedly cleared her throat, and told her fellow travelers of the soldier's predicament. Then, passing her empty cup around till it overflowed with coins, she and the other stranded travelers made it possible for one soldier to be home with his family on Christmas. □



Thinking Jewish About Zionism

By MARC BROWNSTEIN
Rabbi, Temple Sinai
Newington, Conn.

IF I WERE a Christian, I suppose Zionism would sound foreign and foreboding. That is why I suspect too few Christians feel comfortable about this *ism* of Jewish persuasion. No doubt a Zionist conjures up in the untutored Gentile mind the same anxiety a Knight of Columbus summoned up in the imagination of my Jewish grandfather.

In the age of ecumenicism this simply will not do. Jewish *isms* should not frighten Christians; Christian

Knights should not terrify Jewish grandfathers. The Negro community tells us whites will never understand blacks until whites begin "to think black"—that is, until a white man can see the world as the Negro sees it. The same applies to Jews and Christians. We will never understand each other's *isms* until a Jew can think Christian and a Christian can think Jewish about each other's peculiarities.

To think Jewish about Zionism you have to imagine

the fear of a howling mob coming after you and your children. That would be a pogrom, the most terrifying word in the vocabulary of Jewish life, like one in the Jewish section of Kiev, Russia, on April 26, 1881. An eyewitness described the systematic destruction of Jewish houses by a crowd of young boys—artisans and laborers. After that “the mob threw itself upon the Jewish synagogue—which despite its strong bars, locks and shutters—was wrecked in a moment. One should have seen the fury with which the riffraff fell upon the Torah [the sacred scrolls] of which there were many in the synagogue. The scrolls were torn to shreds, trampled in the dirt and destroyed with incredible passion. The streets were soon crammed with the trophies of destruction.”

The aftermath of a 1903 pogrom in Kishinev filled the streets with dead and the dying. Nails were brutally hammered into Jewish heads and eyes. Jewish children were dragged from attics, and thrown from rooftops, their brains oozing out on the pavement below. The stomachs of Jewish women were ripped open and their breasts cut off—after they had been raped.

Often the leaders of these pillaging, murdering mobs would order the first charge into the ghetto by tonguing a loud whistle through their teeth. Then the howling mob would begin looting and killing. For many years that terrifying whistle haunted the life of European Jewry. And in between whistles, Jews scratched out their ghetto lives in the poverty to which they were shackled by social and economic persecution.

SUCH WAS life for the European Jew from A.D. 70 when the sovereign Jewish state fell to Vespasian's Roman Legions. Fleeing his homeland, the Jew dispersed to every corner of the world, a stranger in hostile lands, a man without a country who faced ghetto, pogrom, poverty, and persecution.

To think Jewish about Zionism you must imagine yourself as hated, unwanted, harassed, and unprotected. Then you must sense that same feeling of hopelessness as each promise of a better day proved broken and empty.

To the pious the destruction of the homeland, the dispersion of the nation, and the suffering of exile was God's punishment for the sin of Israel. Had not, they asked, the holy men of yesteryear prophesied this fate? Yet, the pious insisted, had not these same prophets promised that atonement would bring the Messiah and salvation? Thus it was clear that the purpose of pogroms, death, and suffering was to atone for whatever sin had delivered the Jew into exile. And from time to time, they were convinced that the rod of God's anger was soon to be withdrawn.

One of those times came in the 17th century. Then, the pious felt, the Jew had sufficiently atoned, the moment of salvation was at hand. The Messiah, that descendant of mighty King David, would soon come and return the Jew amidst signs and wonders to the Promised Land.

How the pious of that generation anxiously searched the European continent for the Messiah! And in 1648, a Messiah did appear—or so they were led to believe. His name—Sabbatai Zevi, a handsome, dark-haired, Spanish Jew from Smyrna, a Turkish port city.

Some regarded Sabbatai as a saint, others as a madman. A student of Jewish mysticism and hocus-pocus, Sabbatai immersed himself in messianic lore and at age 22 was convinced that he was the Messiah foretold in the secret and magic writings of his mystic sect. This he announced to a small circle of disciples. But, the Jewish establishment thought him mad and banished him from Smyrna. Undaunted, Sabbatai fled to another Turkish city, Salonica, was banished there, and made straightway for Jerusalem, the city of David, where tradition said the Messiah would arise. There he discreetly rebuilt a following, and walked the streets trailed by eager children as he passed out free candy.

Later, Sabbatai ran off to Cairo where he wed a beautiful, half-crazed, 16-year-old Polish orphan girl of easy virtue. In 1665, he dramatically made his appearance at the Smyrna synagogue on the Jewish New Year. Out of desperation, the Jews of Smyrna grasped this straw of hope. Delirium broke out—the moment of salvation had come.

The joyous news of the coming of the “Messiah” quickly spread, but the Turkish authorities became alarmed over the erratic behavior of their Jewish subjects. Sabbatai was ordered to the capital, Constantinople, where he was bound in chains and thrown into prison. To the dismay of the Turkish government, this only heated up the messianic fervor of the Jews and even gained Sabbatai adherents among the Turks.

Uncertain what to do with him now, the Turks transferred him to a castle in the Dardanelles where he was permitted to reign in subsidized splendor over a coterie of disciples. This only served to enhance Sabbatai's messianic image. The Jews of Hungary began to tear the roofs off their houses, preparing to fly up and out to the Holy Land at Sabbatai's signal. In Amsterdam and Hamburg, Jews liquidated their businesses at bankruptcy rates in order to be ready to follow the “Messiah” to Palestine.

Then came a Polish Jew, Nehemiah Cohen, claiming that he, not Sabbatai, was the Messiah. Nehemiah was hastily summoned by Sabbatai to his castle in the Dardanelles. As the two “Messiahs” met, Sabbatai's followers made plans to do away with this competitor. But Nehemiah got wind of the plot, fled to the Turkish authorities, converted to Islam, and charged Sabbatai with treason.

Hearing the charge of treason, the sultan gave Sabbatai the choice of death by torture or conversion to Islam. He immediately opted for conversion, after which he was appointed official doorkeeper to the sultan with an appropriately lavish salary.

To think Jewish about Zionism you have to feel the dismay and disillusionment of beaten, hounded men without a country who through the years saw the messianic promise of succor cruelly smashed by at least 16 madmen and hoaxers. You have to sense the despair of clinging to a flamboyant man who calls himself “Messiah,” who promises to open the gates of freedom and safety to the sacred land of refuge; but, in the end, the only gate he opens is as lackey doorkeeper to a sultan.

To Jewish pragmatists the solution to statelessness was assimilation and acceptance into Europe's life and culture. This hope was kindled by the French Revolution and its ideal of liberty, equality, and fraternity. When

Napoleon's conquering armies brought these ideals to the hesitant European continent, his troops literally battered down ghetto walls, and Jews were granted civil rights.

By the 1860s it appeared that all the Jew need do was to educate himself out of the ghetto mentality, remodel himself to fit into the national culture, and thus become a gentleman acceptable to the Christian society of his day.

It was toward this goal that Jewish youth eagerly ran. They struggled to master other languages so that no strange accent would betray them as sons of the ghetto. They clamored at the gates of the universities and the salons of the intellectuals—and pledged their hearts and minds to the culture of the land. They called this "enlightenment."

Even in Russia the winds of Western liberalism could be felt as the gates of the ghetto opened ever so little. The young Russian-Jewish intellectuals joined in the race of their Western brothers to become thoroughly modern; to become spiritually, emotionally, intellectually uncircumcised in order to be as all other Russians, Frenchmen, and Germans, and thus find acceptance, fulfillment and, not least of all, surcease from persecution.

But this hope, as the messianic hope of the pious, was soon betrayed. In 1881 the liberal Czar Alexander II was assassinated and the whistle was again heard as another pogrom cast its shadow over Russia.

IN THE WEST, 13 years later, a French-Jewish officer, Captain Alfred Dreyfus, was purposely and falsely accused of being a traitor. Stripped of his rank, Dreyfus was drummed out of the corps to Devil's Island to the cadence of a mob howling, "Death to the Jews!" The fall of Dreyfus was symbolic of the fall of the 19th-century Jewish hopes for emancipation and acceptance in Western Europe.

In the quest for assimilation, Captain Dreyfus was the most successful Jewish non-Jew of his day. He did not even look Jewish! And on the basis of his Aryan visage, his inherited wealth, his love of soldiering, his pompous devotion to duty and his attitude (Who, me? Jewish?), Dreyfus managed to slip into the very citadel of anti-Semitism, the officer corps of the French Army. He was the only Jewish officer on the French General Staff. He made it! But only to be viciously used by the General Staff as a scapegoat to cover the sins of a traitor, one of their own—a French aristocrat. His humiliation sorely mocked Jewish dreams of assimilation and acceptance in France.

To think Jewish about Zionism you have to sense the mortification of a Dreyfus-type Jew being put in his place when he really believed he had crawled out of that hole. You have to feel the anger and bitter disappointment of a Jew slavishly remodeling himself in the image of a European gentleman and patriot, elegantly seeking entry at the golden front door of European society only to be told to use the rear entrance.

To think Jewish about Zionism you have to get into the viscera of a helpless, hapless Jew who finally realizes that he is without assistance from heaven or his fellowman. Such a Jew was Leo Pinsker. Standing on the ruin of the messianic dream and the rubble of the hope for

assimilation, he raised the standard of Jewish nationalism and sounded the call for a militant, the hell-with-you, hard-nosed demand for Jewish borders, flags, and armies. Pinsker said, "There was no solution to anti-Semitism because the Jew was, and would ever remain, a ghost people feared for their differences, hated as the Christ-killer, and for their economic competition, always beggars at the door of the European states, unwelcome foreigners in whatever land they came to live. There was only one solution: the Jew must find a land of his own."

This, as we have seen, was not a new idea. The return to Zion, the ingathering of Israel to its ancient homeland, was part of the old messianic hope. That hope had crumbled; yet, rising phoenixlike out of its ruins, sprang a new messianism not dependent upon the will of divinity but upon the will of the Jew himself. It was called Zionism.

Zionism demanded a return to the Promised Land regardless of God's timetable or the absence of a Davidic seed or despite any sin of the fathers. For Zionism insisted that the Jew was the citizen of a nation, albeit a nation shorn of its territory, a nation in exile, yet a nation as all other nations. That the Jew comprised a nation without a territory was the abnormality, the only sin that gave birth to his pain and travail. The Jew required borders, house of parliament, an army, a coin of the realm, and a flag if he was to find salvation. This land he would negotiate for or purchase or wrest from the world with all the strength remaining to him after centuries of wandering and humiliation. The return that the God of tradition had promised and failed to fulfill, the Jew now would bring about by his own hands.

The pious trembled at this rebellion against heaven, the assimilationists denied it, but the Zionists girded up their loins and fell into the ranks of their new messiah—Jewish nationalism.

The greatest 19th-century representative of Jewish nationalism was Theodore Herzl, whose pamphlet *The Jewish State* became the cornerstone of Zionism. He wrote:

"I consider the Jewish question neither a social nor religious one. It is a national question. We are a people; one people. We have sincerely tried everywhere to merge with the national communities in which we live. This has not been permitted us for the majority decide who the alien is. Therefore, in the countries where we live our lot becomes daily more intolerable.

"The fact of the matter is that everything tends to one conclusion which is expressed in the classic Berlin cry, 'Out with the Jews.' Thus, I put the question in its briefest possible form: Shouldn't we get out at once? We are one people and we are strong enough to form a state. Let sovereignty be granted us over a portion of the globe adequate to meet our rightful national requirements and we will attend to the rest. What glory awaits the selfless fighters for the cause? A wondrous breed of Jews will spring up from the earth. The Jews who will it shall achieve their state. We shall live at last as freemen on our own soil."

But that day did not come until 44 years after Herzl's death. It had to await the final tragedy of a people without a land—the Nazi destruction of European Jewry. Out of the holocaust of that ultimate pogrom the

Zionist dream was forged into the State of Israel.

To think Jewish about Zionism you must be haunted by the specter of 6 million murdered men, women, and children. You have to know about the 100,000 Jewish children of the city of Warsaw who were torn from their mothers' arms, packed into cattle cars, and slaughtered in the nazi death camps. You have to feel the terror of names like Auschwitz, Bergen-Belsen, and Buchenwald.

To think Jewish about Zionism you must look at the Jewish State through Jewish eyes haunted by the 6 million. You must walk the road to Jerusalem and see the rusting hulks of burned-out trucks, there since 1948. Then, Jerusalem was besieged and its defenders were without food and water. Jewish boys and girls, many in their teens, volunteered to drive those supply trucks to Jerusalem. Unarmed, in slow convoy they drove up the steep narrow road while from the hills on either side rifle and mortar fire decimated them. As one young driver fell, another took his place, and they brought the trucks to Jerusalem.

On the road to Jerusalem, you must feel what Jews feel: "I am a Jew, the father of Jewish children. If they must die again, they shall die with honor and not as terror-stricken babes in concentration camps."

To think Jewish about Zionism you must journey to the kibbutz Negba where an Egyptian army of 8,000 besieged 400 defenders. Ordered "to stand and die," they stood. Many died, the settlement was obliterated—but Negba did not fall.

At Negba you must think as a Jew thinks: "I am a Jew, I am of a heroic and not a hapless people. Never again shall we be herded into concentration camps to be tortured and murdered."

To think Jewish about Zionism you must behold the city of Ashdod, once a sand dune, now a seaport city of 20,000.

Looking upon Ashdod you must hear the Jewish soul utter, "I am a Jew. Out of this sand my people have rebuilt their homeland. No longer need my brothers to beg entry into the stranger's land, an unwelcome exile, an eternal refugee driven by hatred from border to border."

Yet, there is more to thinking Jewish about Zionism than fear, disillusionment, anger, pain, militancy, bitterness, and terror. Thinking Jewish about Zionism is also a hopeful and joyous state of mind. For Zionism is a happy expectation and a humanistic mission.

FROM THE beginning Zionism, this militant Jewish nationalism, took to its armored bosom the old philanthropic idea of the Jew as the suffering servant of the Lord, chosen to bring salvation to mankind. As the priests, so the Zionists believe that "out of Zion shall go forth the law and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

The Zionist philosopher of the mission of the Jewish state, Moses Hess, voiced the hope that one day the nations would look to Jerusalem as the spiritual center of the world as Catholics now look to Rome. Hess envisioned the Zionist state as the guardian of civilization at the crossroads of three continents. Especially, Hess hoped, would the Jewish state play the role of benefactor and teacher to the people of the East, carrying

Western civilization into the cultural backwaters of that part of the world. David Ben-Gurion, an old Zionist and first prime minister of Israel, shared the same vision when he said, "I believe in our moral and intellectual capacity to serve as a model for the redemption of the human race."

Even the Jewish socialists, who turned to Zionism after the Russian revolution was corrupted and distorted by the Communists, forgot their rebellious agnosticism, momentarily at least, to embrace the religious concept of the chosen people. They came to look upon themselves as the suffering servants of socialism in a mission for humanity! And in the Jewish state they would bring to fruition the great democratic socialist vision betrayed by Lenin in Russia.

But above all Zionism was the joyous hope that one day the wandering Jew would come home again to "sit in safety under his own vine and fig tree, and there shall be none to make him afraid."

To think Jewish about Zionism vicariously experience, if you will, the pogroms and persecution of a people since the Roman destruction of their homeland; imagine the desperate longing of the Jews for a saving Messiah who never came. Grovel with the Jew at the feet of European society in the vain hope of acceptance, and dream with the Jew the dream of a Jewish state as the last hope for dignity, freedom, and safety. Agonize with us over 100,000 Jewish children murdered in the Warsaw ghetto, and look at the land of Israel through the eyes of a people who have lost 6 million brothers and sisters. Rejoice in the pride, hope, and promise of a homecoming after 2,000 years!

Then, perhaps, you can begin thinking Jewish about Zionism. □

WORD BECOME FLESH

By Vernon Bigler

My flesh retires
Rebellious, wracked and sore,
Resentful of the pulse
That bids it rise and do.

The mind and spirit, hope and dream
That called it once to life
Ask for strength.
They summon me,
Whose ears no longer heed the whisper of the will.

So trapped, I bow, my flesh undone.
I weep for hope and faith, now gone.
And then unsought (and therefore not expected)
Comes the Word!

The depths of life
Are plumbed
by IS
not Do!



Letters From Elsewhere by Herman B. Teeter

The Second Day After Christmas

Dear Editor:

Last Christmus my preacher Bro. Harol Viktor rose up in pulpitt to publickly declare: "It shure is good to see all the Clutter clan together hear today."

Yes, we was all their in our old pew and it was nice of Bro. Viktor to mentshun us. But what wasnt nice was the second day after Christmus when all our growed up kids and our grandbabies had departed, leaving us lonesomer than if they hadn't bin their.

"My aint it quiet around hear!" complained my wife Abby as she looked out the winder at a big snow falling on Mon. morning. "I am about to go crazy in this grate big old empty house."

"Well, me and Little Willie is still hear," I said.

"I know, but looks like our kids cud of stayed at least 1 more day. Look at all this left over food."

Then Little Willie, whom is a blessing to me and Abby in our old age, he come in and said: "Lookey hear, I found the rattle little Carl Clutter Jr. got from old Santy. He will cry when he wakes up in the car on the way home and cant find his rattle."

Abby blubbered and wiped her eyes on the apron I give her, and I myself went out in the snow to git more logs for the fire.

"I'd like to git out of this house for a while," Abby said.

"I cud go out and slide down hill in the snow if old Santy had give me a sled, which he shure didnt," said Little Willie, looking rite at me.

"Well, he gave you a sled last year but you run the runners off it," I declared.

"O Hegbert," Abby xclaimed, "I have a idea! Woodnt it be wonderful if we cud go riding agin in the old 1-horse cutter-sleigh you ust to court me in. What have you gone and did with it?"

"It is stored up in the big barn with the old Springfield wagon but may have fell apart after all these years," said I.

Well, Mr. Editor, it had not fell apart. But it took me and Little Willie ½ day to clean it up, git it out of the barn, repair it and mend harness for Old Blackie our horse whom like me is sort of semi-retarded.

"We had better hurry, Abby," I hollered when we sped up to the house. "Gits dark early."

"Just a minit, Hegbert. I have got a few things I wanted to take over to the naybors but didnt git around to it sense I was so busy prepairing for our kids to be home for the holadays."

She piled some packages onto her lap, the 3 of us bundled up and away we went thru the snow, first to Granny Spicer's whom was sitting all alone by her old wood stove. You shud have seen her eyes lite up when she said we shure was welcum sense she hadnt had no visitors all day and she ast Little Willie if he wood like sum tea cakes and hot chockolate and of coarse he said yes.

Everywhere we went Abby passed out fruit cake, jam, jelly, and sum shawls she had knit. She had ever-

thing rapped up in pretty paper and wood say "Christmus gift!" "Christmus gift!" and her eyes shined like a little girls ever time she give sumbody sumthing and Little Willie he ate everything anybody give him.

It got dark before we knew it, the snow stopt, and we had to start home. But when we cum to the crossroads about 2 mile from home, Abby said: "Hegbert, why dont we drive thru Big Pine Grove like we ust to?" so we took the old logging rode and, Mr. Editor, I wisht you cud of bin their it was so pretty with the deep snow and the stars shining between the pine tops and everything was quiet and almost as brite as day. It was so pieceful their in the starry nite that we stopt and just set their looking.

"This is like Christmus all over agin," said Abbie. "I am glad we cud think about our naybors as well as our own family on the Second Day after Christmus. I am so happy, Hegbert."

Well, Mr. Editor, we finally got home but before we went to bed the phone rung 4 times. The calls was from our kids who all said they got back safely and shure did have a good time down hear at our house last Christmus.

Seesons greetings,
H Clutter

You Asked...

You Asked is *Together's* new general question forum. It replaces both *Teens* and *Your Faith*, long-time *Together* departments, and is an attempt to offer a more inclusive question and answer column. Questions will be accepted on such subjects as the family, Christian faith, church organization, social issues, and other matters of concern to Christians. Bishop Thomas, episcopal head of the Iowa Area, and Dr. White, district superintendent in the Southern New England Annual Conference, will continue to supply answers along with other church officials and leaders in specialized fields.

—Your Editors

Can't a girl have more than one boyfriend until she is really ready to settle down?

I am sure you can love two people at the same time—even more than two. You could even date two boys, if it makes the three of you happy.

Young people are breaking out of the going-steady box in lots of places. Even serious, formal dating is giving way to informal small groups and couples who just decide to go some place together but don't call it a date. I think this is a good trend. It lets people get together without everybody trying to push them into a little make-believe marriage.

—Dale White

Why was Jesus not saved from shame and crucifixion?

The answer is at the heart of the Lord's mission and his obedience to his Father. The New Testament is clear in stating that Jesus knew of the death

that would come to him. He did not seek to escape it. No one took his life from him; he gave it freely because that was the only way in which the perfect and suffering love of God could be made clear. If a good man will not escape suffering for the sake of a great cause, we certainly would not expect Jesus to escape crucifixion.

—Bishop James S. Thomas

I'm in love with a married woman. Her husband had an affair with another woman. I told my mother I loved her and wanted to take her away from everything that's hurting her. She said, "You can't. She's married." Please help me with my problem with my mother.

Your problem is not with your mother. In fact, your mother could very well offer some wisdom you need to hear. The woman has made a solemn commitment to marriage. Her first obligation is to do everything possible to salvage her marriage.

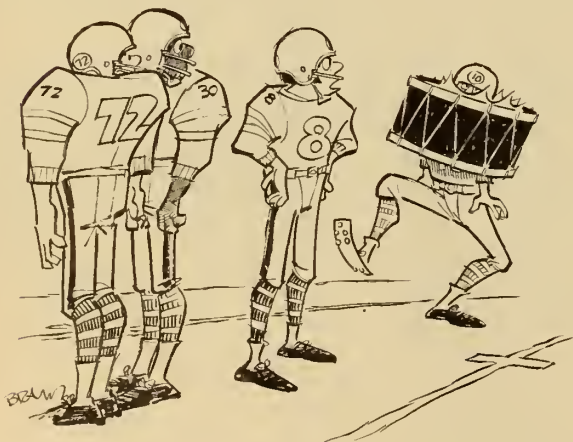
One can understand how she might turn to you to put salve on her wounds, but you are diverting her attention and energy away from her main task of healing her broken marriage. She needs a marriage counselor, not a lover.

—Dale White

Does the rising crime rate prove the failure of religion?

The rising crime rate indicates many things but proves little. For one thing, it indicates a failure of the whole society, not just religion. For another, it indicates that religion is talked about much but tried seriously very little. And, for another, it indicates that crime is a complexity that is not easy to isolate nor is it easy to eradicate by stiffer punishment of those who are caught. It is, therefore, only half true to say that crime is a failure of religion. Indeed, crime is a failure of all of us—family, school, church, community, and official structures of our society.

—Bishop James S. Thomas



"Maybe next time you'll run your patterns right."

You Asked . . . questions should be submitted to You Asked Editor, c/o *Together*, 1661 North North-west Highway, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.

SANTA CLAUS meets The AMINAL

CHILDREN

The Aminoal

Young Patrick finds an aminoal friend. As the news travels, the aminoal grows fiercer, uglier, and hungrier—and the art gets funnier! Ages 4-7. Written and illustrated by Lorna Balian. \$3.95

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Letters

11¢ PER MEMBER: CHRISTIAN COMPASSION?

The article *Bangla Desh: A Challenge to All Christians* in the August-September issue [page 1] reports that United Methodists contributed some \$1.2 million for relief in that stricken land.

That sounds like a lot of money, but it represents only about 11¢ for each of our more than 10 million members. Is that a picture of adequate Christian compassion for a nation where more than 10 million people have met a major disaster and are on the verge of starvation?

A. RAY NEPTUNE
Medford, Oreg.

CURRICULUM TRIED AND FOUND WANTING

In his article *Robert Raikes . . . What You Started!* [October, page 10], Edward C. Peterson refers to "emotional attacks on [United Methodist] curriculum resources from irate conservatives and complaints from others that the materials are too hard to use, most of them persons who have never used them or even tried to."

I am a member of a rural church, well attended, with a Sunday school fairly large in comparison to most. But with the exception of one adult class, all use David C. Cook literature. We *did* try the new material put out by the United Methodist Board of Education for several quarters. But the teachers were irritated and the children disappointed.

A representative from the Board of Education met with our teachers and sweetly explained that the teachers were supposed to prepare the lessons from "scratch." She totally declined to face the fact that

most teachers are busy housewives who frankly want outlined lessons. So we ordered the Cook material and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

The same is true of Vacation Bible School literature. Teachers refused to help with the venture unless more realistic aids were available. This year we used Lutheran literature, strictly biblical, and the children loved it.

It is not the modern trend that is popular. Old and young want the old-time religion! Why can't the United Methodist Board of Education face up to this fact and change their far-out ideas before the Methodist Publishing House is put out of business?

MRS. GLADYS PETERSON
Donovan, Ill.

SIERRA LEONE LEADER A STAMP FIGURE, TOO

Thank you for the excellent article on postage stamps, *In Search of Methodist Gold* [August-September, page 38]. It would have been helpful, however, if you had given us the addresses of both the Methodist Philatelic Society and the place of publication of *U.S. Methodism on Stamps and Postmarks*.

It may also be noted that the first prime minister of Sierra Leone, Sir Milton Margai, was a member of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church and is pictured on many Sierra Leone stamps.

LOIS OLSEN
Milwaukee, Wis.



Our thanks to Miss Olsen for providing a copy of the stamp bearing Sir Milton's likeness. To answer the questions she and others asked: *Methodist Philatelic Society membership dues* (\$2) are payable to Mr. R. J. Greep, Treasurer / 'The Limes' / Edridge Road / Crowborough, Sussex / England. Copies of *U.S. Methodism on Stamps and Postmarks* (\$1) are ordered from Mr. J. T. Aungiers / 5 Cherry Walk / Cheadle Hulme / Cheadle, Cheshire SK8-7DY / England. Mrs. T. J. Kleinhans, who assisted us with the story, advises mailing currency since bank charges on a small check "eat up" almost half of it.—Your Editors

TOO MANY SAID, 'I'M THROUGH WITH CHURCH WORK'

Besides teaching a class of college-age students, I have been elected or appointed to eight offices and committee jobs in Trinity United Methodist Church, Bellwood, Pa., most of which I inherited because too many other members—like your author, Bea Hammond—said, "I'm through with church work." [See August-September, page 34.]

We all need to "be still and know that I am God." Once we truly recognize him, we will know what we must do. We should read and thoroughly digest Romans 12 on the subject of Christian behavior. If we practice this as true Christians should, it never would enter our thoughts to write an article like *I'm Through With Church Work* let alone release it for publication in the church magazine.

I would not be able to harbor such thoughts for fear of God's wrath upon me, that he might say to me, "I'm through with you!"

SARAH L. REIGH
Tyronne, Pa.

WRAPPED IN BUSY WORK, CHURCHES FORGET MISSION

Let me compliment Bea Hammond on her wonderful article, *I'm Through With Church Work*.

Churches are so far removed from their intended work it is disgusting. They are so wrapped up in their little world of money-making, group "fun," keeping the building in repair, and new Easter suits that they forget their mission—to spread the Word of God and to help other people.

Please print more articles like this. From the looks of the *Readers' Response* column, many people apparently think the same way.

ALLEN STROUS
Circleville, Ohio

RACISM, WHITE AND BLACK, IS A FACT OF LIFE

I am writing to express my reaction to your August-September Viewpoint, *An End to 'White Racism,'* by H. B. Sissel [page 22]. I will compress my points into outline form:

1. Do we have white racism in

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the United States? Of course we do. The overwhelming majority of our people are white; therefore, we have white racism. Simple, but true.

2. As a white man living in a community that is more than 99 percent black, I have felt black racism, and writhed under it. And I understand Negro complaints about white racism.

3. Racism is a universal human phenomenon, common to all racial and ethnic groups. And it is indeed a sin, in the category of original sin.

Let me make a confession. When misfortune or disaster strikes, my reaction varies according to the racial, ethnic, or religious characteristics of the person stricken. If the person is Asiatic, or African, or European, or other non-American, my distress is much less than it should be. If the person is a black American, I try without total success to feel the distress I know I should feel. If the person is a white Methodist, I feel that a brother has been hurt. This attitude is wrong, wrong, wrong. It is sin. But it is a kind of sin that is almost universal among human beings.

Many may condemn me for my attitude, but anyone who condemns me is ignorant, naive, or hypocritical. Let him who disagrees choose the epithet that applies to his condition.

FLOYD MULKÉY
Chicago, Ill.

THANKS FOR MAGAZINE WORTH TEARING UP!

The August-September issue of *Together* came with the afternoon mail, and I have spent the evening tearing it up. I seldom have time to read it the first day it arrives, and maybe I shouldn't have this time for now it lies in such ruins that I cannot pass it on to anyone else. But probably the next person wouldn't have torn it up anyway. Me, I just had to.

First the [third] cover with Madeleine Laeuffer's poem *First Good-bye*. I'm a kindergarten teacher, and that little fellow with his finger pointing has to be on my classroom bulletin board the first day of school for first-time mothers to read through blurred eyes and then go home feeling assured that their child's first teacher understands a bit.

Also that poem on page 48 [*The Apple Bearer* by Geraldine Ross]—out it came . . . to go on my personal bulletin board where a fleeting glance has often been rewarded by another ounce of

patience from just such a poem.

And Dr. Dale White's column [page 57] . . . out it came to be put inside my son's new copy of *Field and Stream* which also arrived today and will be read from cover to cover before bed. Dr. White stresses something I've been trying to say, but he says it faster and better. It will be easy reading along with the sports magazine.

So my new *Together* is a bit used up, and it hasn't been in the house six hours yet! Thanks for a magazine worth tearing up.

MRS. EDWARD E. EGGLESTON
Riverside, Ill.

'WE WANT THE GOSPEL PROCLAIMED WITH BOLDNESS'

I am sending a list of those who want their *Together* subscriptions canceled. Many say that the magazine isn't meeting their needs, and their desire is for more material concerning Christian spiritual growth. Many expressed dissatisfaction that so little space is given to material about Jesus Christ and a personal relationship with him.

We recently had a lay witness mission in our church, a wonderful experience, and many of us now are team members on other missions, witnessing about what Jesus Christ has done and is doing in our lives. Now that we know the truth about salvation, we can't help wanting to share it with others, and we want the gospel proclaimed with boldness in the pulpit and especially in our church magazine.

Our prayer is that more articles like *Fruits Without Roots* by Alvin C. Murroy [August-September, page 45] will appear in future issues. I pray that *Together's* material can be improved to help those who have been set on fire for Christ, and more especially those who haven't been, so that possibly through an article in our church magazine more souls can be saved.

MRS. TOM TYRRELL
Beaver Crossing, Nebr.

'GOOD READING FOR ALL AGES'

We have taken, and read, *Together* since it was first published. Your August-September number is one of the best. There is good reading to interest and inspire family members of all ages. Keep up the good work.

DON JENNINGS
Angola, Ind

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

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STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION, October 1, 1972 (as required by act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code) of *Together*, published monthly except combined issue of August and September at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tennessee 37203, with headquarters and business offices at same address.

Thomas K. Potter certifies that he is Vice-President in Charge of Publishing of said publication and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of ownership, management, and circulation of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in caption:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and managing editor are:

Publisher, John E. Procter, Nashville, Tennessee 37203
Editor, Dr. Curtis A. Chambers, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068
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2. That the owner is the Board of Publication of The United Methodist Church, Inc. d/b/a The United Methodist Publishing House.

3. That there are no bondholders, mortgages, or security holders.

4. That the printing and circulation is as follows:

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Single issue nearest filing date 9,575

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Single issue nearest filing date 280,515

Kaleidoscope

A CHRISTIAN focus on the visions of reality and illusion that come to us from books, music, broadcasting, the theater, and other art forms.



One Sunday morning our congregation was asked to sing *Lord of the Dance*. We were to stand for the first verse and then leave the pews at the beginning of the second and march out of the sanctuary singing the rest of the hymn.

A few people knew the words—and music—and sang out. Most people clutched the mimeographed sheets that gave us the words and tried to read and shuffle along at the same time. And some just gave up. Surely not what Sydney Carter had in mind when he set those compelling new words to a traditional English melody.

Recently, though, a mushrooming of songbooks and records has made the new songs of our faith more familiar to anyone who wants to hear them.

Ventures in Song (Abingdon, \$1.95, paper) supplies the words and simple piano and guitar chord accompaniment for a wide range of music from spirituals through familiar hymn tunes with modern lyrics to the new songs that are sung so fervently by today's young Christians. It was edited for the United Methodist Commission on Worship by David J. Randolph with the assistance of the Rev. Bill Garrett.

The Contemporary Hymn Book (David Yantis Publications, \$1.95, paper; \$3.95, spiral binding) is an attempt to put the best new hymns from many varied sources into one volume. These include songs for worship by David Yantis himself. This gifted Presbyterian layman has recorded two stereo LPs, too, for the World Library of Sacred Music, **There Is a New Wind Blowin'** and **Free Me** (each \$5). The first offers songs for a folk service; the second songs for meditation.

Concordia Publishing House has created an interesting package in **Hymns for Now**. This includes three paperback hymnbooks, **Hymns for Now I, II, and III** (\$1 each for I and II, \$1.50 for III). Then there are three accompanying stereo LPs, **Hymns for Now, How I, II, and III**, that present the hymns with straight folk accompaniment. These are to sing along with. And finally, the same hymns come in heavy rock style on a second series of three LPs, **Hymns for Now I, II, and III**. The 12-inch stereo LPs are \$4.95 each; in cassette form the albums are \$5.95 each.

A coffeehouse ministry near Allen's Landing in Houston, Texas, has been responsible for the forming of a joyous group of singers called *The Keyhole*. Their tone is so ringing and their tempo so exciting that you'll tap your foot and try to join in with **Hallelujah, Jesus Is Lord** (G.I.A. Records, \$5). Songs on this stereo LP range from modern message songs to spirituals.

Finally, we have **Missa á La Samba** (G.I.A. Records, \$5) in which the magnificent Peloquin Chorale presents C. Alexander Peloquin's music for the church. The mass and other works on this stereo album tap all the musical traditions of the Roman Catholic Church and merge them with rhythms from today and occasional electronic effects as eerie as if they had come from outer space.

Amazing Grace (Atlantic, \$6.98 for two discs) gives us Aretha Franklin in the gospel music in which she grew up. She is backed by the Rev. James Cleveland at the piano and directing the Southern California Community Choir; Ken Lupper, organ; Cornell Dupress, guitar; Chuck Rainey, bass; Bernard Purdie, drums; Pancho Morales, congas. Recording "live" in a church has given this album a quality that never could have been achieved in a recording studio.



Some of the most eloquent philosophical writing that is being done today is the work of scientists. Among these, perhaps first among them, is the distinguished micro-biologist René Dubos, who sees both "the myths of religion and the facts of science" as symbolic expressions of cosmic truths.

A God Within (Scribners, \$8.95) celebrates man's need for religious faith and René Dubos' own faith in life: "To experience a spring day is enough to assure me that, eventually, life will triumph over death," he writes. "On bomb craters in the midst of cities after the Second World War, delectable wild mushrooms appeared, as if to symbolize that life will continue to generate order and beauty from physical decay."

But, he says, we have to stop making choices for our future only in relation to negative issues like pollution and overpopulation. We have to learn to cultivate the positive values that exist in man's nature and in the external world. Chief among these is the "god within," the force, or genius, that makes each man and each place special and distinct from all others.

A God Within speaks for no one faith, but it is a strong religious book.

During the last days of the American Revolution a little column of Hessian soldiers hang a slow-witted Connecticut boy they think is spying on them. In turn, they are mowed down by angry militiamen. Only one of the column escapes, a yellow-haired drummer boy not yet 17, and he is gravely wounded.

He is found and sheltered by a Quaker family, and is treated by a Roman Catholic physician. Finally, he is discovered by the local magistrate and turned over to the Army for trial. The verdict is guilty, and the sentence is death. The boy is hanged, and the village's small body

of Quakers holds a funeral service for him.

Out of this simple story Howard Fast has woven a powerful novel that gives us war on such a small and personal scale that all its foolishness is bared. For this and for its strong, spare writing, **The Hessian** (Morrow, \$5.95) is likely to become a classic.

Once, Americans had deep family ties and a firm sense of community, but now urban problems, farm automation, corporate mergers, and transfers cause us to move more frequently than people did in the past. Hence we have become "a society of torn roots," says Vance Packard in **A Nation of Strangers** (McKay, \$7.95).

There is really nothing new in this book; it all has been published before in more scholarly form, but Vance Packard makes it interesting. Church people should read this "catch-up" book because it has some significant things to say about church membership and the church's role in a shifting society. (Reviewed by George P. Miller.)

The Jesus People are more than a fad, believes *Detroit Free Press* religion editor Hiley H. Ward, who has traveled from coast to coast in shabby clothes, a bearded young stranger taken in and treated warmly by many of the Jesus groups.

"By and large, I find the youths very sincere," he says in **The Far-Out Saints of the Jesus Communes** (Association Press, \$5.95), "but I grew to distrust immensely most of the big evangelists or prima donnas who are corraling the movement into networks and structures dependent on them."

While the Jesus People look like fundamentalists, Mr. Ward is convinced that they can't relate to the fundamentalist churches any more than they could to a Unitarian-Universalist book discussion or an Episcopalian women's card party.

He points out that unlike fundamentalists they use many versions of the Bible; aren't concerned with the Trinity except for its second person, Jesus; accept the virgin birth but don't bother to mention it because to them Christ is all; don't feel that the divinity of Christ is an issue—to them he's real; and aren't concerned with the substitutionary death of

Christ or the Resurrection because, for them, salvation is instant and they feel resurrected already. In substance, the Jesus People seem to be reluctant to formulate their beliefs as fundamentalists have done so precisely. Their doctrine is very simple.

Mr. Ward sees the Jesus Movement as going in five directions. The Children of God, most exclusive and dogmatic of the groups, seems to be on the way to becoming a formal denomination. Some of the new Jesus youth will be absorbed by mainline denominations. Others may develop a relationship with gurus or maharishis. The emphasis on the occult in some of the groups may lead them into becoming magical, semi-Christian mystical cults. However, believes Mr. Ward, the mainstream of the Jesus People will continue, possibly evolving into a churchless, celebrative religion with liberal and conservative wings. "It is even possible that they may bring renewal and rebirth to a pale, tired, dry, churchly Christianity."

With sales of 33 million copies in less than six years of publication, **Good News for Modern Man**, the New Testament in Today's English Version produced by the American Bible Society, has become the country's all-time, best-selling paperback.

In late October its translator, Robert Bratcher, and Annie Vallotton, its illustrator, jointly received an Upper Room Citation for their work.

The Today's English Version has become the model for 47 other "common language" Scripture translations around the world, and common language New Testaments have been published in Spanish for Latin America, Spanish for Europe, French, German, Korean, Finnish, and Thai.

By 1976 the American Bible Society hopes to release the complete Bible in Today's English Version.

The success of Richard Bach's best-selling **Jonathan Livingston Seagull** (Macmillan, \$4.95), which is a fascinating tracing of the life cycle of one of the most beautiful birds of the air, probably inspired the reprinting of **Stranger to the Ground** (Harper & Row, \$5.95).

Originally published in 1963 this is Mr. Bach's record of a night flight over Europe at the controls of an Air Force jet. In the telling he recalls

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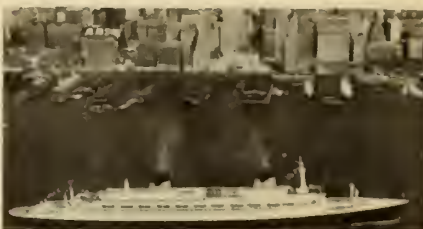
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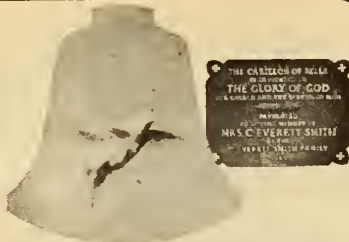
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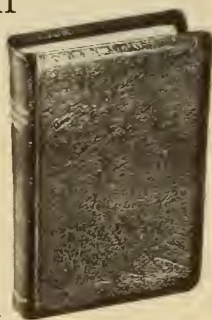
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other flights he has made, other flyers he has known, and moments when he has escaped death by the breadth of a hair.

Richard Bach is a man in love with flying, and he is a marvelous writer. Readers of *Stranger to the Ground* find themselves in the cockpit with him, its darkness relieved only by the glow of the instruments, the lonely eeriness of night flight enhanced somehow by the sound of disembodied voices from the ground.

Not all the best children's books are about animals, but it's true many of them are. Like **Twelve Years Twelve Animals** (Abingdon, \$3.75). This is a Japanese folk tale about the Asian habit of naming years after animals—Year of the Dog, Year of the Tiger, and so forth. Yoshiko Samuel has done the adaptation, and Margo Locke has provided delightful drawings of the dozen animals for which the years are named. A book for children from kindergarten through the third grade.



Films

A pentecostal evangelist who says he has always been a fake is the central character in **Marjoe** (PG), a documentary film in which 28-year-old former child evangelist Marjoe Gortner plays himself.

Today an athletic-looking, curly-haired man who looks a little like a counter-culture Billy Graham, Marjoe "retired" at 14, but he went back into evangelism for a brief round of meetings before deciding to quit it entirely. It is on these last meetings that the film centers, revealing frenziedly emotional revivalism and behind-the-scenes commercialism. But there are film clips of Marjoe's early days as a "child of God" in Lord Fauntleroy suits, and it is these that have resulted in charges and countercharges between him and his father, the Rev. Vernon Gortner.

The son insists that he earned \$3 million as a child evangelist but nothing was put aside for him, and that his parents held him under a faucet or a pillow to make him memorize sermons. The father says these charges are ridiculous.

Religious people are disturbed over

Marjoe's insistence that many evangelists have no better ethics than he had. However, there is something to think seriously about in the film's revelation of people's hunger to purchase easy redemption.

Concerned with the number of sex and violence films in the theaters, the *Reader's Digest* has begun producing family pictures that reflect "wholesome American life."

Its first in production, in cooperation with United Artists, is a \$2.4 million musical version of the American classic *Tom Sawyer*.

Gateway Films, newly formed agency of the American Baptist Communications Corporation, is bringing some family-audience films into theaters where there can be community participation and dialogue about them.

Gateway's first release was **The Cross and the Switchblade**, based on clergyman David Wilkerson's work with urban young people. In September it released **The Late Liz**, starring Anne Baxter and Jack Albertson and telling the story of a woman who experienced a religious conversion after a long period of alcoholism.

Conversion is the theme, too, of **Confessions of Tom Harris**, just reaching theaters across the country. Don Murray stars in the role of a Hollywood stunt man and Christian layman who was a rapist, underworld enforcer, and sadist until Christian love caught up with him and gave him a new life.

Gateway plans to release four more titles during the next year.



Television

A plea by Dallas Cowboys quarterback Roger Staubach is among a series of public service spot announcements you may have been hearing on radio or television this fall.

The series promotes the third annual Campaign for Human Development, which is the national anti-poverty project of the Roman Catholic Church. On November 19 Catholic churches all over the country will receive a special offering for it.

The public service series was dis-

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tributed to stations by the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches.

What's Special in Specials

Nov. 15, 8-9 p.m., EST on ABC—*The Smile of the Walrus*. Crew of the Calypso follows the walrus through its yearly migration pattern from the Arctic Circle to Amchitka Island, Alaska. Season premiere of *The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau*.

Nov. 15, 9-10 p.m., EST on ABC—Burt Bacharach with guests Anthony Newley, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Vicki Carr in a music and variety hour.

Nov. 17, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on NBC—*Hands of Cormac Joyce*. Hallmark Hall of Fame drama stars Stephen Boyd and Colleen Dewhurst.

Nov. 29, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on NBC—*The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Orson Welles stars in this satirical comedy.

Dec. 4, 8-8:30 p.m., EST on ABC—ABC News Inquiry: *Man and Beast*. News correspondent Harry Reasoner examines how pets fulfill the emotional and psychological needs of children and adults.

Dec. 4, 8:30-9 p.m., EST on ABC—*Vandalism*. Repeat of program in which Harry Reasoner looks for the reasons for graffiti and destruction of property.

Dec. 6, 8-9 p.m., EST on CBS—*Appointment With Destiny: Cortez and Montezuma*.

Dec. 8, 9-11 p.m., EST on CBS—*The Homecoming*. Repeat of drama starring Patricia Neal and Richard Thomas. CBS Thursday night series *The Waltons* is based on it.

Specials for the Kids

Nov. 23, 8-11 p.m., EST on CBS—*Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*. Stars Dick Van Dyke. First time on television for this film.

Nov. 24, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., EST on ABC—*The Jerry Lucas Super Kids' Day Magic Jamboree*. N.Y. Knickerbockers basketball star is also a magician and mentalist. Segments from several ABC children's shows are included, too, in this three-hour special.

Nov. 29, 8-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day*. Repeat of animated version of a children's classic.

Dec. 1, 8-9 p.m., EST on ABC—*Santa Claus Is Coming to Town*. Repeat of musical fantasy about the legend of Santa Claus. Voices of Fred Astaire, Mickey Rooney, and Keenan Wynn.

Dec. 4, 8-8:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*How the Grinch Stole Christmas*. Repeat of a Dr. Seuss story.

Dec. 4, 8:30-9 p.m., EST on CBS—*Frosty the Snowman*.

Dec. 8, 8-9 p.m., EST on CBS—*Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*.

Dec. 10, 5-6 p.m., EST on CBS—Animated version of *A Christmas Carol*.

Dec. 12, 8-8:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*A Charlie Brown Christmas*.

—Helen Johnson

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HOW TO GIVE HAPPINESS

By EDNA REHM PAXTON



NOTHING pleased Jane Hogan more than taking small gifts to Mrs. Cook, her elderly neighbor. Mrs. Cook showed her appreciation by giving Jane home-baked cookies and tatted doilies.

"I like the cookies," Jane told her husband, "and she's a dear to make the doilies, even though I don't know if I can use them. You should have seen her eyes shine as she gave them to me."

Dick Hogan laughed.

"You surely know how to make her happy. She's spending a lot more time doing things for you than you could possibly do for her. Maybe that's what she likes about it."

"It makes her feel important and needed," Jane agreed.

This is not a new idea. Although the Christian accent is on giving, the art of *receiving* is important, too—and requires both technique and humility. In a way, this kind of receiving is a manner of giving—giving gratitude by making another giver happy.

A friend of mine has evolved an easy way of showing her appreciation. When someone gives her a remembrance, she puts herself in the giver's place, and responds with something like, "Oh, you remembered that I like blue—and what a pretty gift wrapping!"

As Christians, we have been taught from early years that it is one's duty to give generously. And it is well that we keep in the habit of helping those who are less fortunate than we are.

Yet, in our zeal to instill in youngsters the merit of generosity, we may implant a false idea. Paul said, "... though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor . . . and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." (1 Corinthians 13:3 KJV.)

Do you show joy in the children's effort to please? And do you make them happy by being receptive to their crayon drawings, crushed wild flowers, or sticky kisses?

On the other hand, have you helped your children become aware of the joy others feel in giving? Ronnie's mother managed this in an unusual way. When Ronnie was quite small, she noticed one Christmas that he seemed interested only in how

others responded to the gifts he gave them, and paid no attention to their reactions when he opened their gifts.

To teach Ronnie that others like to give, too, and that he should share both the giving and the receiving, Mrs. Dawson decided to make a game of it. So the next Christmas, the gifts bore only the names of the recipients.

"We'll try to guess who the giver is, by watching the others' faces," she proposed. "It will always be the happiest person."

As Ronnie opened each of his gifts, he scanned the faces of other members of his family. For the first time, he noticed who the givers were and their happiness in others' joy.

In contrast, two of the loneliest persons I know give gifts indiscriminately, with no charity in the heart. They are trying to buy friendship; but it can't be done.

Whenever a child in the neighborhood is sick, one of those women overwhelms him with toys, balloons, and books. But when her own children are ill, she refuses to accept anything from others.

The second woman bakes sweet rolls and bread for friends and neighbors, buys surprise gifts, and sends flowers on every possible occasion. Yet she is secretive about her own special occasions, for fear that someone will "put her in debt" by giving to her.

Both feel that giving is their own inalienable privilege. At the same time, they imply superiority in having so many possessions that they can part with them freely. Such a show of generosity just to flatter one's ego nullifies the Christian principle underlying giving. It also lays a heavy strain on friendship.

There are occasions, of course—Christmas, birthdays, and anniversaries—when gift-giving is the normal procedure. But even then, the important thing is to give of yourself and allow others to do the same. When you do, you will feel real joy in receiving, and you can reflect others' happiness by your own. □



A Christmas Gift Can Bring You Together

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Jottings

Over the centuries, billions upon billions of words have been spoken and written about Christmas. Yet every year the holy season magically renews its freshness and wonder.

For many, Christmas has a special individual meaning in addition to its true meaning as the day we celebrate Christ's birth. It may be an important event in life, or the nostalgic memory of many past Christmases.

A Christmas Eve service brought a new attitude toward life to Arthur W. Greeley of Washington, D.C. He explains why in *Some Call It Conversion* [page 17].

For 5 of his 36 years in the U.S. Forest Service, Mr. Greeley held the agency's number two job—associate chief. In that post he participated in the making of many resource decisions of national importance. His father was a former chief of the Forest Service.

Of her moving little story, *Love in a Coffee Cup* [page 32], Mrs. Rene Wade Ross writes from McClave, Colo.: "My neighbor's mother is the woman . . . She was on her way here to spend Christmas with her grandchildren when she got caught in a snowstorm. The love she and the other travelers showed this young serviceman impressed me."

The story impressed us also, Mrs.

Ross, reminding us in a roundabout way of Norman Rockwell's painting of an elderly woman with her young grandson saying her Thanksgiving prayer over a table in a crowded restaurant. (This noble painting, by the way, was reprinted with permission in *Together's* second issue, November, 1956.)

We gather, also, that Christmas has often inspired Mrs. Harriet S. Popowski of Aberdeen, S.Dak.,



whose poem *Anno Domini 1972* appears on page 20 opposite a seasonally appropriate color illustration by Paul R. Behrens.

In addition to a number of her poems in various anthologies, Mrs. Popowski has written a book she calls *Twenty Christmases*.

"I have had a sort of helter-skelter life," says Mrs. Popowski who has been a librarian, a deputy county superintendent of schools, and a religious-education director in churches at Omaha, Nebr., Rapid City, S.Dak., and Aberdeen. Also, she says, "I spent one summer mothering college kids at Mount Rushmore."

When a little girl in Rapid City was told Mrs. Popowski's name, she declared: "I can't say that. I'll just call you Mrs. Pop."

After that, "I became known as 'Mrs. Pop' throughout Rapid City and enjoyed enormously my work there in a growing, adventuring church."

To conclude our references to Christmases, while striking an ecumenical note: The author of *Let's Give Christmas Back to the Pagans* [page 6] is a Catholic priest, Father Peter J. Riga of Saint Mary's College (California). The article first appeared in *U.S. Catholic and Jubilee* magazine, December, 1971, and received considerable reader response, pro and con, as it has among our readers who saw advance copies and were asked to give us their responses to the article.

Our guest in *Open Pulpit* [page 28] this month is the Rev. H. Philip West, Jr., pastor of Park Slope United

Methodist Church, Brooklyn, N.Y. Many of his sermons have gained attention beyond his congregation; his themes often deal with current events and social issues ranging from the population explosion to the problems of racism.

With us also is Rabbi Marc Brownstein of Temple Sinai Synagogue, Newington, Conn., whose *Thinking*



Jewish About Zionism [page 33] should open the eyes of many Americans to the frightful suffering and humiliation that have accompanied the trials and tribulations of the historical

Jew. Rabbi Brownstein, president of the Newington Interfaith Clergy group, tells us of a humorous incident that took place several years ago during one of his frequent plane flights.

"It appeared that the young lady sitting beside me was somewhat apprehensive about flying," he says. "I struck up a conversation, reported the many times I had flown, and generally assured her about the safety of air travel. She patiently heard me out."

"Finishing my sermonette on air travel, I told her that I was a student rabbi and asked her about her occupation. With a smile she said: 'Oh, I'm just an airline stewardess on my way home.'"

If you have ever dreamed of floating lazily, silently, among those white, fluffy, midsummer clouds—well, you would enjoy talking with Don E. Snyder, co-author of *How Do You Rate as a Hospital Visitor?* [page 14] with the Rev. Carey Mumford, a full-time hospital chaplain.

Mr. Snyder—who, by the way, is an optometrist as well as a glider pilot—became interested in riding the updrafts while writing articles and taking pictures at a glider port near his Erie, Pa., home.

"Finally I was bitten good by the bug," he tells us. "Glider do go places—as far as 500 miles cross country and as high as 46,000 feet."

Last we heard, he was taking his children along for rides, and was considering—we don't know how seriously—attempting a glider flight across Lake Erie—a dare-devil stunt which, to his knowledge, had never been attempted.

—Your Editors

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BEAUTIFUL to behold are the gay and colorful baubles that glow against evergreen backgrounds each Christmas season. Few of these, however, have any religious significance. Not so the symbols called "Chrismons," increasingly used as Christmas decorations in many churches and homes. The word is a combination of parts of two words: Christ and monogram.

The Chrismon tree at left stands in the sanctuary of First United Methodist Church, Waterloo, Iowa. Each gold and white Chrismon was handmade from pearls, sequins, gold beads, Styrofoam, and other materials. White is the liturgical color for Christmas; gold signifies Christ's majesty and glory.

The use of Christian symbols is as old as the church itself. Some once were used as secret codes by persecuted followers of Christ; and each symbol helps remind Christians of some facet of their faith. Among the four Chrismons shown above, the triangle represents the Trinity; the circle, eternity; the cross-crowned globe, Christ's triumph over the world; the rectangle, Christ himself as cornerstone of the Christian church.

—Herman B. Teeter

Chrismons

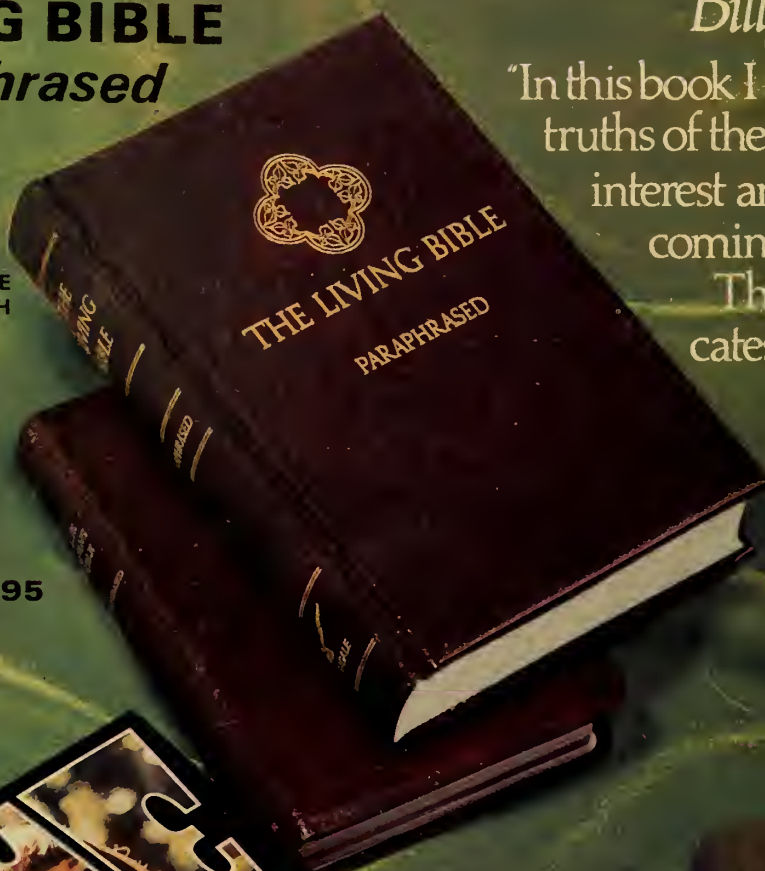
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